ALL YOU'VE EVER WANTED IN ONE COMIC...

SMASH!

No. 156
25th JAN. 1969
EVERY MONDAY
7d

INCORPORATING FANTASTIC

AUSTRALIA 10c. EAST AFRICA 1 00 WEST AFRICA 10d.
SOUTH AFRICA 10c RHODESIA 1/- NEW ZEALAND 10c.

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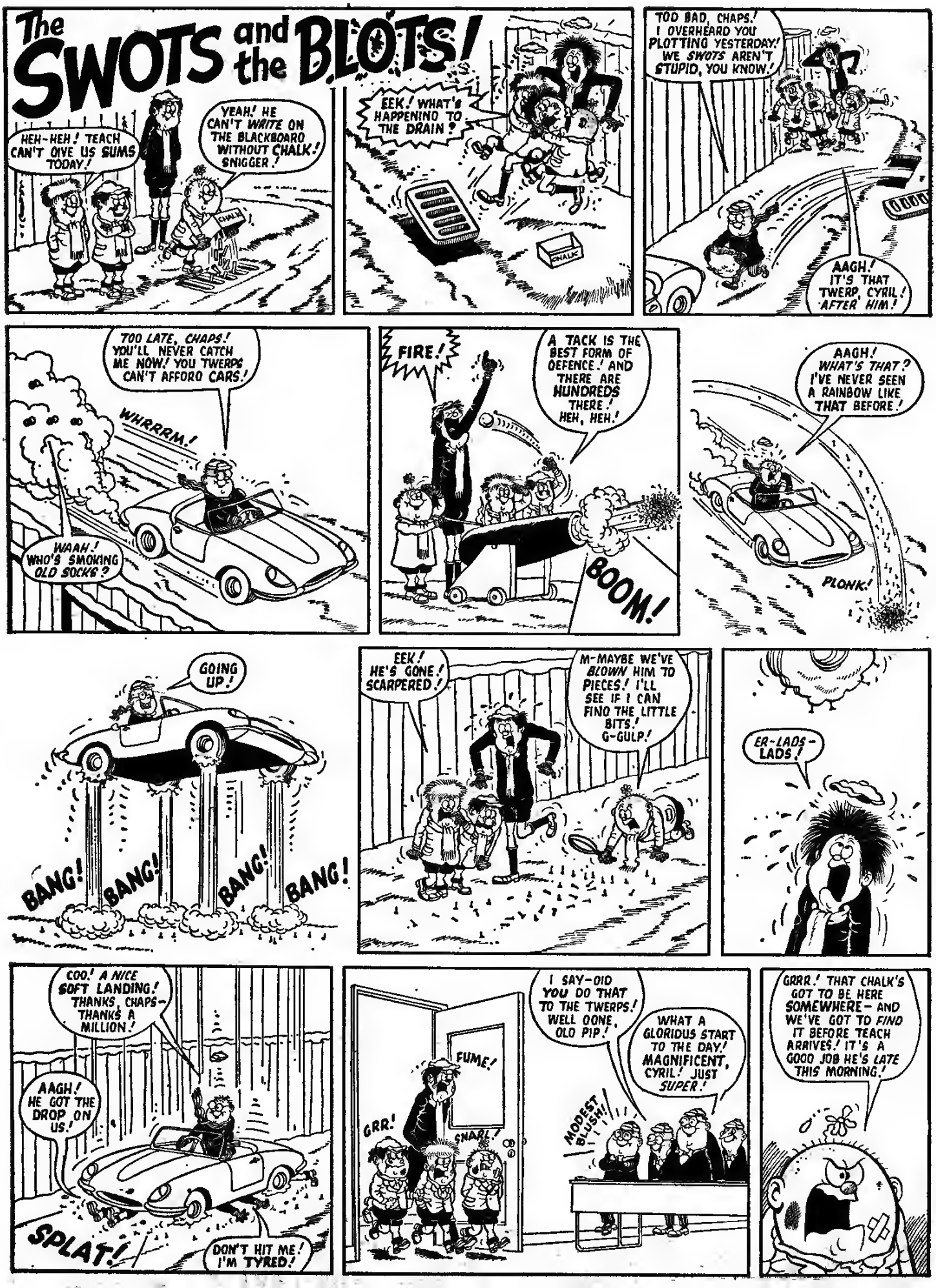
NEW STORY
SERGEANT ROCK
PARATROOPER!
HI, THERE! I'M SERGEANT ROCK OF THE PARACHUTE REGIMENT, AND EACH WEEK I WANT TO TELL YOU SOMETHING ABOUT THE MEN IN MY OUTFIT... THE 'RED DEVILS' AS THE GERMANS CALLED THEM... THE BRITISH PARATROOPERS!
THEY HAVE BEEN CALLED 'THE MEN WITHOUT FEAR'... BUT EVERY FIGHTING MAN KNOWS FEAR— HE'D HAVE TO BE INHUMAN IF HE DIDN'T... AND FOR THE PARATROOPER THERE'S ONE SPECIAL FEAR! FEAR OF A CANDLE!
YES... A CANDLE! THAT'S WHAT WE CALL A 'CHUTE THAT DOESN'T OPEN. WHEN A MAN JUMPS FROM A PLANE, HIS 'CHUTE IS THE ONLY THING BETWEEN HIM AND DEATH... SO IT'S SMALL WONDER THAT THE BOYS IN MY OUTFIT HAVE THIS FEAR OF "A CANDLE"!
SOMETIMES THIS SPECIAL FEAR IS TOO MUCH FOR THE BRAVEST MAN. TAKE SERGEANT MURDOCK, A VETERAN OF MANY PARACHUTE DROPS! BUT, HE HAD NEVER SEEN ANYONE FALL WITH A CANDLE... UNTIL ONE DAY...
JUNE 6TH 1944. THE INVASION OF EUROPE HAD BEGUN... AND IN A FLAME-LIT NORMANDY FIELD, THE FIRST WAVE OF BRITISH PARATROOPERS WERE ALREADY IN ACTION...
HERE COMES CAPTAIN RYAN'S STICK, SARGE! I'LL FEEL HAPPIER ONCE HE'S WITH US!
ME TOO! NO MATTER HOW MANY JERRIES THERE ARE AROUND HERE... THEY WON'T GET THE BETTER OF JACK RYAN!

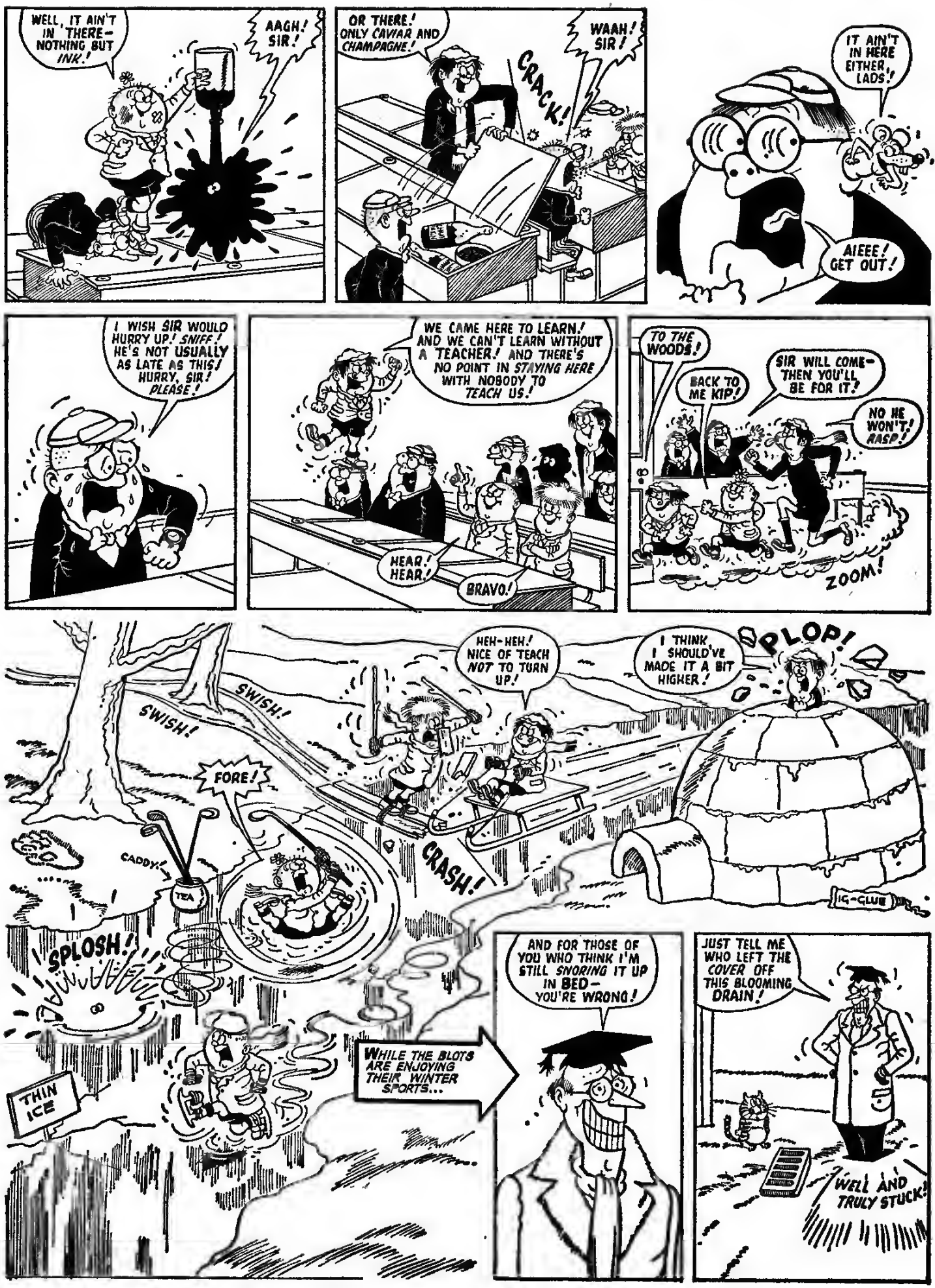
Smash, incorporating Fantastic, is printed in Great Britain by Southernprint Ltd. of Branksome, Poole, Dorset, and London, and published by I.P.C. Magazines Ltd., 189 High Holborn, London, W.C.1. Subscription rates: Inland and Eire £2 8s. 0d.: Overseas £2 10s. 0d.: Dollar rate $6.50. Agencies for Australia and New Zealand: Gordon & Gotch Ltd. For South Africa: Central News Agency Ltd. Conditions of sale: This periodical shall not without the written consent of the publishers first given, be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of by way of Trade at more than the recommended selling price shown on the cover, and that it shall not be lent, resold or hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in any unauthorised cover by way of Trade or annexed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever..

BUT CAPTAIN RYAN'S COMBAT DAYS WERE OVER... INSTEAD OF OPENING FULLY, HIS 'CHUTE TRAILED USELESSLY ABOVE HIM— A CANDLE!
AND IT WAS SERGEANT MURDOCK WHO FIRST RECOGNISED THE VICTIM...
JACK RYAN... THE MAN WE ALL THOUGHT NOTHING COULD KILL! BUT NOW HE'S DEAD... AND THERE WAS NOTHING HE COULD DO ABOUT IT... HE DIDN'T STAND A CHANCE!
THE CRACKLE OF ENEMY MACHINE-GUN FIRE JERKED HIS MIND BACK TO THE DANGEROUS PRESENT....
JUST FORGET IT! RYAN'S DEAD... AND SO WILL WE BE IF WE DON'T FLUSH OUT THAT GERMAN GUN!
COME ON... WE'VE GOT A JOB TO DO!
LOOK, THEY'RE GIVING UP, WE'VE GOT THEM LICKED!
YEAH... BUT ONLY UNTIL THE NEXT TIME!
BUT EVEN IN THE BITTER FIGHTING THAT FOLLOWED, SERGEANT MURDOCK COULDN'T FORGET THE FATE OF CAPTAIN RYAN...
IF IT HAPPENED TO RYAN IT COULD HAPPEN TO ANY OF US... TO DIE LIKE THAT... WITHOUT A CHANCE!
THE NEXT TIME CAME... A WEEK LATER!
OUR JOB IS TO HIT THE TOWN AN HOUR BEFORE THE MAIN DROP AND CLEAN OUT ANY JERRIES THERE! ACCORDING TO MY INFORMATION WE CAN EXPECT ONLY LIGHT RESISTANCE! NOW... COLLECT YOUR 'CHUTES!
AS SERGEANT MURDOCK COLLECTED HIS PACK HE RECALLED VIVIDLY THE FATE OF CAPTAIN RYAN...
HERE'S YOUR 'CHUTE, SARGE! IF IT DOESN'T OPEN PROPERLY BRING IT RIGHT BACK... AND I'LL CHANGE IT FOR YOU!
BUT THE VETERAN N.C.O. TURNED AWAY WITHOUT A WORD...
HEY! HAS SERGEANT MURDOCK FORGOTTEN HIS SENSE OF HUMOUR?
WHO CARES? JUST SO LONG AS HE HASN'T FORGOTTEN HOW TO FIGHT!
YOU'RE NEW TO THIS OUTFIT SO YOU WOULDN'T KNOW... BUT THERE'S JUST NOBODY TOUGHER THAN SERGEANT MURDOCK!
I WON'T FEEL QUITE SO BAD KNOWING HE'S WITH US!
THE DAKOTA CARRYING THE ADVANCE STRIKE FORCE DRONED ITS WAY TOWARDS THE OBJECTIVE... THEN...
DROPPING ZONE DEAD AHEAD!
PREPARE FOR ACTION! ON YOUR FEET MEN!
A MINUTE LATER—THE GREEN DROPPING LIGHT GLOWED...
SUPPOSING MY 'CHUTE CANDLES... I'LL DIE LIKE JACK RYAN... WITHOUT A CHANCE!
RED ON— STAND IN THE DOOR! GREEN ON...
THEN...
I CAN'T! I'M NOT GOING TO JUMP!
WHAT?

FORGET HIM! MOVE ON UP... AND JUMP!
AND YOU SAID HE WAS TOUGH? LOOK AT HIM... HE'S SCARED!
SECONDS LATER, HE WAS THE ONLY PARATROOPER LEFT IN THE PLANE ...
YOU GOING BACK WITH US? YOU AREN'T GOING TO JOIN YOUR MATES DOWN THERE, SERGEANT?
I SAW THE LOOKS ON THEIR FACES! THAT'S WORSE THAN DYING! NO MATTER WHAT HAPPENS... I'M GOING TO DO IT! I'M GOING TO JUMP!
BUT SERGEANT MURDOCK DIDN'T GET THE CHANCE TO JUMP! FOR NEXT INSTANT...
AAAGH!
THE FLAK'S GOT US!
THEN HE BLACKED OUT AS HIS HEAD HIT THE FUSELAGE WITH STUNNING FORCE...
BALE OUT! BALE OUT! WE'RE GOING TO CRASH!
AND SECONDS LATER...
BUT THE FATE WHICH HAD BEEN SO CRUEL TO SERGEANT MURDOCK, NOW MADE AMENDS, SOMEHOW HE SURVIVED THAT FEARFUL CRASH...
THE OTHERS MUST BE DEAD IN THERE! THERE'S NOTHING I CAN DO FOR THEM!
THEN ABOVE THE ROAR OF FLAMES HE HEARD ANOTHER, EVEN MORE CHILLING SOUND....
A JERRY 88MM GUN! I MUST BE NEAR THE DROPPING ZONE. AND IT SOUNDS LIKE THE BOYS HAVE FOUND MORE TROUBLE THAN THEY ANTICIPATED!
MURDOCK WAS RIGHT! THE ADVANCE FORCE OF PARATROOPERS WERE IN DESPERATE DANGER...
THERE'S ANOTHER TIGER TANK! THEY'VE GOT US PINNED DOWN... WE'LL NEVER GET OUT OF THIS ALIVE!
LOOK! CAPTAIN BAXTER'S GOT THE BAZOOKA... HE'S TRYING TO GET IN CLOSE TO HIM!
DESPITE THE HAIL OF BULLETS THAT SCREECHED ABOUT HIM, THE GALLANT YOUNG OFFICER SCORED WITH HIS FIRST SHOT...
HE GOT ONE!
NOW, THE OTHER ONE, SIR!
BUT THAT FIRST SHOT WAS ALSO CAPTAIN BAXTER'S LAST...

WE'VE HAD IT, BILL!
WITH THE BAZOOKA GONE, THERE'S NOTHING WE CAN HIT THAT TIGER WITH! IT WILL JUST SIT THERE AND BLAST US TO PIECES!
THEN A PARATROOPER YELLED WITH ASTONISHMENT...
IT'S SERGEANT MURDOCK! HE'S GOING FOR THAT TIGER!
ACHTUNG! GUNNER.... TRAVERSE RIGHT!
SERGEANT MURDOCK SWERVED AS THE TIGER'S MACHINE-GUN LASHED AT HIM... AND HIS HAND FUMBLED AT THE PIN OF A GRENADE!
GOT TO GET CLOSER!
NEARER AND NEARER RAN MURDOCK... UNTIL....
DRIVER, MAKE SURE OF HIM! GUNNER, CONTINUE FIRE AT MAIN TARGET...
AAAAAGH!
BUT EVEN AS THE TIGER'S WHIRLING TRACK WAS ABOUT TO CRUSH HIM... MURDOCK ROLLED...
AND AS THE STEEL MONSTER PASSED OVER HIM, HE RELEASED HIS GRENADE....
THIS IS THE ONLY PLACE A GRENADE CAN KNOCK OUT A TIGER! UNDERNEATH! WHERE THE ARMOUR IS THINNEST
COME ON LADS! THE SERGEANT'S GOT US OFF THE HOOK! NOW IT'S OUR TURN!
IT WORKED!
SERGEANT MURDOCK PULLED HIMSELF PAINFULLY TO A NEARBY WALL...
YOUR LEG, SARGE...!
I'LL PUT A DRESSING ON IT! FORGET ABOUT ME... YOU CLEAN UP THE REST OF THE JERRIES!
I TOLD YOU, DIDN'T I? THERE JUST ISN'T ANYONE TOUGHER THAN SERGEANT MURDOCK!
HE SAT THERE ALONE, AND DESPITE HIS WOUNDED LEG, SERGEANT MURDOCK WAS CONTENT...
I DIDN'T LET THEM DOWN! AND I DIDN'T LET MYSELF DOWN, EITHER! I WAS STILL AFRAID... BUT I WOULD HAVE JUMPED THAT SECOND TIME! I KNOW I WOULD!
IT COULDN'T HAVE HAPPENED... BUT JUST BEFORE HE LOST CONSCIOUSNESS, SERGEANT MURDOCK THOUGHT HE SAW CAPT RYAN AGAIN.... AND HEARD HIS VOICE!
ALL OF US ARE AFRAID OF SOMETHING, SERGEANT! BUT NOW YOU HAVE LEARNED WHAT I LEARNED A LONG TIME BEFORE... THAT A BRAVE MAN IS MORE AFRAID OF LOSING HIS PRIDE THAN ANYTHING ELSE.... EVEN DEATH!
WELL, SERGEANT MURDOCK NEVER HAD TO OVERCOME HIS FEAR OF A 'CANDLE' AGAIN... HIS LEG WOUND PUT HIM OUT OF THE PARACHUTE REGIMENT, BUT IT DIDN'T KEEP HIM OUT OF THE FIGHTING INFANTRY,... NOT A MAN AS BRAVE AS A 'RED DEVIL' LIKE SERGEANT MURDOCK! SEE YOU AGAIN NEXT WEEK, PALS, WITH ANOTHER PARATROOPER STORY!


The SWOTS and the BLOTS!
HEH-HEH! TEACH CAN'T GIVE US SUMS TODAY!
YEAH! HE CAN'T WRITE ON THE BLACKBOARD WITHOUT CHALK! SNIGGER!
CHALK
EEK! WHAT'S HAPPENING TO THE DRAIN?
CHALK
TOO BAD, CHAPS! I OVERHEARD YOU PLOTTING YESTERDAY! WE SWOTS AREN'T STUPID, YOU KNOW!
AAGH! IT'S THAT TWERP, CYRIL! AFTER HIM!
TOO LATE, CHAPS! YOU'LL NEVER CATCH ME NOW! YOU TWERPS CAN'T AFFORD CARS!
WHRRRM!
WAAH! WHO'S SMOKING OLD SOCKS?
FIRE!
A TACK IS THE BEST FORM OF DEFENCE! AND THERE ARE HUNDREDS THERE! HEH, HEH!
BOOM!
AAGH! WHAT'S THAT? I'VE NEVER SEEN A RAINBOW LIKE THAT BEFORE!
PLONK!
GOING UP!
BANG!
BANG!
BANG!
BANG!
EEK! HE'S GONE! SCARPERED!
M-MAYBE WE'VE BLOWN HIM TO PIECES! I'LL SEE IF I CAN FIND THE LITTLE BITS! G-GULP!
ER-LADS-LADS!
COO! A NICE SOFT LANDING! THANKS, CHAPS-THANKS A MILLION!
AAGH! HE GOT THE DROP ON US!
SPLAT!
DON'T HIT ME! I'M TYRED!
I SAY-OID YOU DO THAT TO THE TWERPS! WELL DONE, OLD PIP!
WHAT A GLORIOUS START TO THE DAY! MAGNIFICENT, CYRIL! JUST SUPER!
FUME!
GRR!
SNARL!
MODEST BLUSH!
GRRR! THAT CHALK'S GOT TO BE HERE SOMEWHERE- AND WE'VE GOT TO FIND IT BEFORE TEACH ARRIVES! IT'S A GOOD JOB HE'S LATE THIS MORNING!


WELL, IT AIN'T IN THERE— NOTHING BUT INK!
AAGH! SIR!
OR THERE! ONLY CAVIAR AND CHAMPAGNE!
CRACK!
WAAH! SIR!
IT AIN'T IN HERE EITHER, LADS!
AIEEE! GET OUT!
I WISH SIR WOULD HURRY UP! SNIFF! HE'S NOT USUALLY AS LATE AS THIS! HURRY, SIR! PLEASE!
WE CAME HERE TO LEARN! AND WE CAN'T LEARN WITHOUT A TEACHER! AND THERE'S NO POINT IN STAYING HERE WITH NOBODY TO TEACH US!
HEAR! HEAR!
BRAVO!
TO THE WOODS!
BACK TO ME KIP!
SIR WILL COME— THEN YOU'LL BE FOR IT!
NO HE WON'T! RASP!
ZOOM!
SWISH!
SWISH!
FORE!
HEH-HEH! NICE OF TEACH NOT TO TURN UP!
I THINK I SHOULD'VE MADE IT A BIT HIGHER!
PLOP!
CRASH!
IG-GLUE
CADDY!
TEA
SPLOSH!
THIN ICE
WHILE THE BLOTS ARE ENJOYING THEIR WINTER SPORTS...
AND FOR THOSE OF YOU WHO THINK I'M STILL SNORING IT UP IN BED— YOU'RE WRONG!
JUST TELL ME WHO LEFT THE COVER OFF THIS BLOOMING DRAIN!
WELL AND TRULY STUCK!

THE FABULOUS FANTASTIC FOUR ARE STUNNED BY:

"THE BRUTAL BETRAYAL OF BEN GRIMM!"

LAST WEEK WE SAW THE F.F. DEFEAT DR. DOOM! BUT IN ORDER TO GAIN THAT VICTORY, IT WAS NECESSARY ONCE MORE TO CHANGE BEN GRIMM INTO THE GROTESQUE THING! NOW BITTER AND FRUSTRATED, THE ORANGE-SKINNED POWERHOUSE DECIDES TO QUIT THE FANTASTIC FOUR ...!

WAIT UP, BIG BUDDY! I WANNA TALK TO YOU!

HE'LL NEVER FORGIVE ANY OF US, DARLING! WE'VE LOST HIM!

BEN! COME BACK! YOU CAN'T JUST WALK OUT THAT WAY! YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING!

LEGGO! I'M CUTTIN' OUT! I'M THROUGH!

Reg. T.M. & © Marvel Comics Group 1965

YOU CAN GET YOURSELVES ANOTHER FALL GUY!

HEY, BEN... WHAT GIVES?! WE'RE YOUR PALS, REMEMBER? IF THIS IS A GAG, YOU'VE MADE YOUR POINT! LOOK OUT!!

DARTING ASIDE TO DODGE THE THING'S BLOW, THE BLAZING TORCH ACCIDENTALLY TOUCHES OFF THE AUTOMATIC SPRINKLER SYSTEM...

GO SOAK YER HEAD FOR AWHILE, JUNIOR! I'VE GOT ME A LOTTA THINKIN' TO DO!

BLAST IT! MY FLAME'S GOING OUT JUST WHEN I NEED IT THE MOST!

I'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO STOP HIM NOW!

BEN, LISTEN! WHERE ARE YOU GOING? WHAT'LL YOU DO? BEN...!

IT'S NO USE, JOHNNY! WE'VE NO RIGHT TO STOP HIM IF HE REALLY WANTS TO LEAVE! ALL WE CAN DO IS HOPE THAT HE WILL DECIDE TO RETURN!

BUT, I NEVER SAW THAT LOOK IN HIS EYES BEFORE! A LOOK OF SORROW... AND PAIN!

AND JOHNNY STORM, WHO KNOWS THE MIGHTY THING AS WELL AS ANY OTHER HUMAN CAN, HAS COME VERY CLOSE TO THE TRUTH...!

I TOOK EVERYTHING DOOM COULD THROW AT ME... FORCE RAYS... ELECTRIC JOLTS... THE WORKS!

IT WOULDA BEEN ENOUGH TO CLOBBER AN ARMY!

BUT, IN ORDER TO DO IT, I HADDA LET REED TURN ME INTO THE THING AGAIN! I HADDA GIVE UP MY ONE CHANCE TO BE LIKE ANY OTHER NORMAL JOE!

NOW THAT IT'S OVER, REED 'N' SUE CAN BE TOGETHER... JOHNNY CAN GO BACK TO HIS CHICKS AND HIS SPORTS CARS...!

BUT ME.. I'M A WALKIN' MONSTER AGAIN... AND I'LL PROBABLY STAY THIS WAY ...FOREVER!

I'M THROUGH TAKIN' ALL THE KNOCKS WHILE THEY GET THE GLORY! LET 'EM FIND ANOTHER FELLA FROM NOW ON! I'VE HAD IT!

WOTTA PAY-OFF! EVERY MUSCLE IS ACHIN' ME... I CAN HARDLY STAND UP... BUT I'D NEVER LET THEM KNOW HOW I'M HURTIN'! I'LL NEVER LET THEM KNOW ANYTHING ANYMORE!

I DUNNO WHERE THIS PICK-UP TRUCK IS HEADED FOR -- BUT AS LONG AS IT'S AWAY FROM THE BAXTER BUILDING, IT'S OKAY WITH ME! I GOTTA GRAB ME SOME SHUTEYE NOW!

SOME TIME LATER, ON A BUMPY COUNTRY ROAD, MILES AWAY THE SLEEPING THING IS JARRED FROM THE BACK OF THE LIGHT TRUCK...
STEP ON IT, WILLYA, LEW!? IF WE'RE LATE, WE'LL NEVER GET IN!
AND, THERE IN THE LENGTHENING SHADOWS, A STRANGE POWERFUL, ORANGE-SKINNED FIGURE LIES... HIS TORTURED BODY SO HUNGRY FOR SLEEP THAT EVEN THE JARRING IMPACT OF HIS FALL CANNOT AWAKEN HIM...!
BUT, MINUTES LATER, A SILENT, INVISIBLE FORCE LIFTS THE MIGHTY-MUSCLED THING AS EFFORTLESSLY AS A FEATHER... GENTLY DRAWING HIM INTO THE AIR...!
UNTIL...
HERE HE COMES!
DON'T MAKE A SOUND! THIS IS THE CRUCIAL MOMENT!
HE MUST NOT AWAKEN UNTIL WE HAVE HIM SAFELY INSIDE!
WHOEVER THE OCCUPANTS OF THAT GLOOMY HOUSE MAY BE, ONE FACT IS CERTAIN... THEY ARE NOT THE FANTASTIC FOUR!
MILES AWAY, AT THAT VERY MOMENT, THE RENTING AGENT OF THE WORLD-FAMOUS BAXTER BUILDING LODGES A MOST SEVERE COMPLAINT WITH REED RICHARDS...
SOMEONE WILL HAVE TO PAY FOR THE DAMAGES DONE TO THIS BUILDING DURING YOUR BATTLE WITH DOCTOR DOOM, RICHARDS!
I UNDERSTAND THAT, MR. CURTIS! BUT YOU MUST REALIZE THAT WE WERE DEFENDING THE CITY AGAINST A TERRIBLE MENACE!
I WOULD THINK THEY'D PAY US FOR DEFEATING THAT HORRIBLE CREATURE!
WELL, WE CAN LET OUR LAWYERS IRON OUT THE DETAILS, BUT HAVE YOU EVER CONSIDERED MOVING YOUR HEADQUARTERS TO A LONELIER PART OF THE CITY?
NO, BUT IT'S NOT A BAD IDEA! HOWEVER, WE HAVE A MORE SERIOUS PROBLEM TO COPE WITH RIGHT NOW!
SO, IF YOU'LL EXCUSE US, MR. CURTIS...!
THEN, WITH THE DEPARTURE OF THE RENTING AGENT...
I'LL MELT DOWN THE MACHINES WHICH ARE BEYOND REPAIR, REED!
THANKS, JOHNNY! MEANWHILE, I'LL CLEAR AWAY AS MUCH DEBRIS AS POSSIBLE!
TOO BAD WE CAN'T HIRE A CLEANING SERVICE, BUT THERE'S TOO MUCH HUSH-HUSH MATERIAL INVOLVED!
YOU WERE RIGHT, DARLING! MY FORCE FIELD MAKES MOVING THIS HEAVY EQUIPMENT A SIMPLE MATTER!
BZZZZZZ!
ALICIA! WE DIDN'T EXPECT YOU, DEAR!
SHE MUST BE WORRIED ABOUT BEN!
CAREFUL! THERE'S DEBRIS IN FRONT OF YOU!
I HAVEN'T HEARD FROM BENJAMIN ALL DAY! IS HE HERE? MAY I SPEAK TO HIM?
I'VE BEEN DREADING THIS MOMENT! WHAT CAN WE TELL HER?
I'LL LEVEL WITH YOU, HONEY! BEN'S GONE! HE SAID HE WANTED OUT... AND WE COULDN'T STOP HIM! WE HAD NO RIGHT EVEN TO TRY!
GONE? GONE WHERE? HE WAS HURT IN THE FIGHT... HE NEEDS NURSING.. HE NEEDS HELP... YOU'RE HIS FRIENDS ... HOW COULD YOU LET HIM GO??
I'VE BEEN WONDERING THAT MYSELF!
I KNOW HOW YOU FEEL, ALICIA! WE ALL FEEL THE SAME! BUT, BEN IS A GROWN MAN ... THIS ISN'T A PRISON ... HE'S FREE TO LEAVE IF HE WANTS TO... WE ALL ARE!
BUT... HE DIDN'T EVEN SAY GOODBYE TO ME! HE MUST BE HURT... FAR MORE THAN WE SUSPECT... IN ORDER FOR HIM TO HAVE FORGOTTEN ME!
THAT'S IT, DEAR! YOU JUST HAVE A GOOD CRY! I THINK THE BOYS WOULD LIKE TO SHED A FEW TEARS ALSO, IF IT WEREN'T SO UNMANLY!
IN A WAY I DON'T BLAME THE BIG LUG! IT LOOKS LIKE HE'S THE ONE WHO ALWAYS TAKES THE LUMPS, WHILE SOMETHING COMES UP ROSES FOR US!

MEANWHILE, SOMEWHERE IN AN ISOLATED SECTION OF THE COUNTRY, THE MISSING MEMBER OF THE F.F. IS EFFORTLESSLY DRAWN INTO A LARGE, FOREIDDING MANSION ...
SO FAR, SO GOOD! ONCE HE IS SAFELY INSIDE, WE'LL ASSUME COMPLETE CONTROL OVER HIM!

PERFECT! NOW DEPOSIT HIM UPON THE FLOOR WHILE WE MAKE SURE HE WAKES UP POWERLESS!

ALL RIGHT, PETE! HE'S ALL YOURS! YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO!
I TOLD YOU TO FORGET THAT NAME! I'M NOT PASTE-POT PETE ANY MORE!
THE NAME TRAPSTER SOUNDS MUCH MORE IMPORTANT!
FTTWIT!

WHATEVER YOU CALL YOURSELF, ARE YOU SURE THE PASTE FROM YOUR STICK-UM GUN WILL HOLD HIM?
WIZARD, IT'S STRONG ENOUGH TO ANCHOR A BATTLE-SHIP!
YOU WON'T EVEN NEED THAT PASTE AFTER THE SANDMAN GETS THROUGH WITH HIM! JUST STEP BACK THERE, BOYS!

DON'T DO IT, SANDMAN! WHEN WILL YOU MALES LEARN TO USE YOUR BRAINS INSTEAD OF YOUR MUSCLES?!
MEDUSA! PUT ME DOWN! DO YOU HEAR? PUT ME DOWN, OR I'LL WRAP THAT CREEPY HAIR OF YOURS INTO A KNOT YOU'LL NEVER UNTANGLE!
WHAT'S WITH MEDUSA ANYWAY? LATELY SHE'S BEEN ACTING LIKE SHE'S THE ONE GIVING ORDERS AROUND HERE!
STOP IT, BOTH OF YOU! THE FRIGHTFUL FOUR MUST NOT FIGHT AMONGST OURSELVES!

YOU CAN'T HOLD ME THIS WAY, SISTER! I'LL CHANGE MY BODY TO SAND, AND OOZE RIGHT OUT OF YOUR USELESS HAIR-GRIP!
THAT IS PRECISELY WHAT I EXPECTED YOU TO DO..!

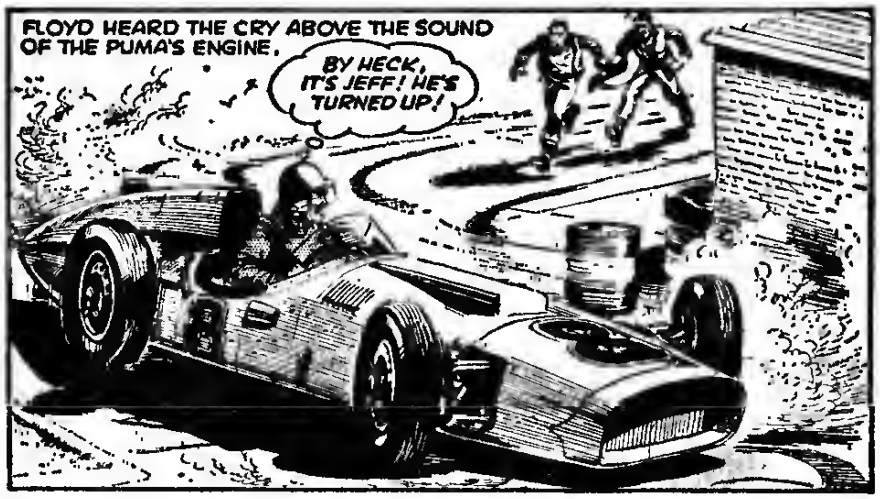
NOW, BY SIMPLY WHIRLING MY HAIR ABOUT LIKE A GIANT FAN, I CAN SCATTER YOUR PARTICLES ALL OVER THE ROOM!
THIS IS WHAT MAKES MADAM MEDUSA THE MOST POWERFUL MEMBER BY FAR OF THE FRIGHTFUL FOUR!

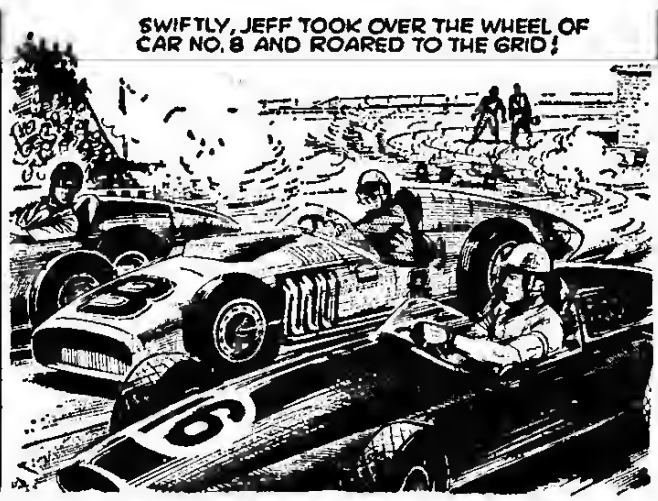
WHEW! WHO EVER DECIDED TO CALL 'EM THE "WEAKER SEX"??
FATE DELIVERED THE THING INTO OUR HANDS, WIZARD! LUCKILY YOU WERE CHECKING THE AREA WITH YOUR VIDEO-SCANNER WHEN YOU SAW HIM!
THEN IT WAS A SIMPLE MATTER TO TRANSPORT HIM HERE WITH YOUR ANTI-GRAV RAY DEVICE!
BUT, HE CAN BE OUR GREATEST WEAPON! HE MUST BE MADE TO SERVE US!
MY SENTIMENTS EXACTLY, MEDUSA, AND I KNOW JUST HOW TO ACCOMPLISH THAT LITTLE MATTER!
I SAY WE SHOULD POLISH HIM OFF RIGHT NOW!
SILENCE, TRAPSTER! I GIVE THE ORDERS HERE!
YEAH? TELL THAT TO MEDUSA!
LOOK! THE SANDMAN IS RE-FORMING!
NATURALLY! I DID NOT ATTEMPT TO INJURE HIM PERMANENTLY!
DARN RIGHT YA DIDN'T! I'M THE ONLY ONE HERE WITH GUMPTION ENOUGH TO STAND UP TO YA, BABY!
ENOUGH TALK! WE'VE GOT TO CARRY THE THING TO MY ID MACHINE!
WHILE, BACK ATOP THE BAXTER BUILDING, WE FIND...
I'VE NEVER SEEN REED LOOKING SO WORRIED!
WHERE CAN HE BE? SOMEONE MUST HAVE SEEN HIM BY NOW!
THE POLICE HAVE ORDERED AN ALL-STATE ALARM FOR HIM! HE'S GOT TO BE FOUND SOON!
PERHAPS HE WAS INJURED MORE THAN WE SUSPECTED DURING HIS BATTLE WITH DOOM! AND YET, I'VE CHECKED EVERY HOSPITAL... STILL NO TRACE OF HIM!
YOU CAN'T BLAME YOURSELF, DARLING!
OF COURSE I CAN! AS LEADER OF THE F.F. I'M RESPONSIBLE FOR EVERY-THING!
BUT, I'M SURE HE'LL RETURN! AFTER ALL, BENJAMIN WAS THE BEST MAN AT OUR WEDDING!
HOW CAN YOU THINK OF SUCH THINGS AT A TIME LIKE THIS, SUE?
OH, NO! DON'T LET BEN BE THE CAUSE OF REED AND SUE SPLITTING UP! I COULDN'T BEAR THE THOUGHT OF THAT!
LET GO OF MY ARM, SUE! THIS IS NO TIME TO GO FEMININE AND ROMANTIC ON ME! I'VE GOT THINGS TO DO!
SO HAVE I, DEAR! AND ONE OF THEM IS TO GET YOU OUT OF THAT GROUCHY MOOD OF YOURS!
HEY, GANG.. LISTEN TO THIS! I JUST GOT A LEAD ON BEN!
A MOTORIST REPORTED SIGHTING HIM ON THE BACK OF A PICK-UP TRUCK, BARRELING ALONG ROUTE 4!
THEN WHAT ARE WE WAITING FOR? LET'S GO!
THEN, LEAVING A TENSE, WORRIED ALICIA BEHIND, THE EAGER TRIO HEAD FOR THE HIGHWAY IN JOHNNY'S MODIFIED S.S. EXCALIEUR RACER...
BUT, I THOUGHT YOU SAID BEN HAD THE RIGHT TO GO WHERE HE PLEASED... TO DO WHAT HE LIKED!
IN A WAY I'M GLAD OUR FANTASTI-CAR WAS WRECKED LAST WEEK! I'VE BEEN ITCHING TO LET THIS BABY OUT AND SEE WHAT SHE CAN DO!
HE HAS! BUT I MUST BE SURE HE'S ALL RIGHT! I MUST BE CERTAIN HE DOESN'T NEED US!
LATER, ON AN ISOLATED PART OF THE HIGHWAY...
SEE ANYTHING, REED?
NO... NOT A TRACE OF HIM!
THERE ARE THOUSANDS OF HOMES IN THIS AREA! HE COULD BE IN ANY ONE OF THEM!
AND YET, I CAN'T GIVE UP THE SEARCH! SOMETHING WON'T LET ME! SOMETHING SEEMS TO BE TELLING ME HE'S IN TROUBLE... HE NEEDS US!
...AND BEN REALLY DOES NEED HELP... BECAUSE HE'S RUNNING INTO THE BIGGEST TROUBLE OF HIS LIFE! YOU CAN FIND OUT WHAT IT IS... NEXT WEEK!

DESTINATION DANGER

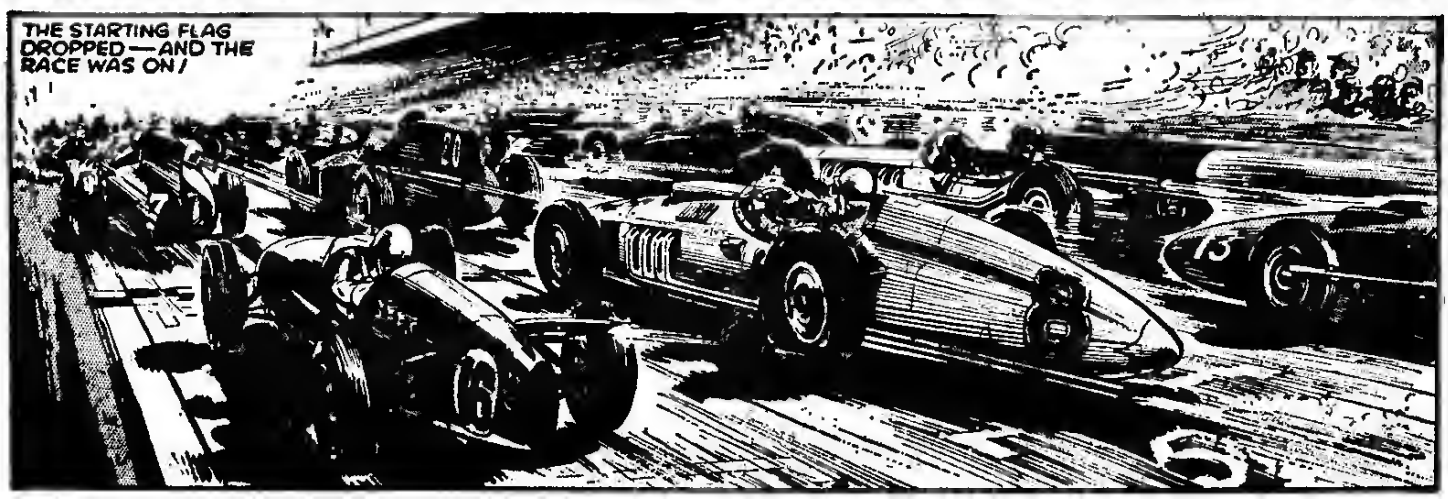
JEFF JACKSON, A YOUNG ENGLISH RACING ACE, WAE DRIVING FOR PUMA MOTORS IN THE U.E.A. ON THE EVE OF THE GREAT ANZON DERBY RACE, JEFF LEARNED THAT PUMAE' ACE DRIVER, VIC ETAFFORO, WAS IN LEAGUE WITH NERO AUTOS, AN UNSCRUPULOUE RIVAL FIRM. BUT JEFF WAS DISCOVERED AND IMPRIEONED. EY THE TIME HE MANAGED TO ESCAPE AND GET BACK TO THE RACE CIRCUIT, THE ANZON DEREY WAS ABOUT TO ETART. THEN, TO HIE HORROR, HE SAW HIS CAR EEING DRIVEN TOWARDE THE START EY HIE MECCO PAL, FLOYD HALEY.

IT WAS VITAL THAT JEFF STOPPED THE PUMA BEFORE IT REACHED THE STARTING GRID. SUDDENLY HE SNATCHED AN ELECTRIC AMPLIFIED MEGAPHONE FROM A MARSHAL !
HEY, WHAT'S THE IDEA--?
SORRY--I'VE GOT TO STOP THAT CAR! I'M SUPPOSED TO BE DRIVING IT!





I'VE GOT TO WIN FOR PUMAS! STAFFORD---THE CUNNING TRAITOR--WILL BE DRIVING TO LOSE. HE DOESN'T EXPECT ME TO BE IN THE RACE — BUT, BY THUNDER, I'LL SHOW HIM!



JEFF TRIED HARD TO FORCE HIS WAY THROUGH, BUT WAS BAULKED BY OTHER COMPETITORS IN FRONT OF HIM...

I'LL HAVE TO SIT ON THEIR TAILS TILL I GET A CHANCE TO BREAK THROUGH!

BUT THEN, AT BENDEZOTT BRIDGE, A MISHAP TO A RIVAL NERO CAR ENABLED JEFF TO MOVE UP A PLACE!

TWO LAPS LATER... JEFF CLOSED UP ON THE OTHER PUMA, DRIVEN BY THE TREACHEROUS VIC STAFFORD!

NOW, I'LL SHOW THE RAT!

WITH A BURST OF SPEED, JEFF CAME ALONGSIDE HIS ENEMY!

YOU DIDN'T EXPECT TO SEE ME, DID YOU, STAFFORD? WELL, NOW I'M GOING TO WIN!

SO THE YOUNG CUB'S ESCAPED! BUT HE CAN'T PROVE ANYTHING... AND HE HASN'T WON YET!

JEFF DIDN'T KNOW THAT STAFFORD HAD TAKEN STEPS TO MAKE SURE THAT JEFF'S PUMA — WHOEVER DROVE IT — WOULD NOT WIN.
HE HAD HIDDEN UNDER THE PUMA'S BONNET A CAPSULE OF CHEMICALS WHICH WOULD CATCH FIRE WHEN THE ENGINE TEMPERATURE ROSE HIGH ENOUGH.

NEXT MOMENT, JEFF DREW AHEAD!

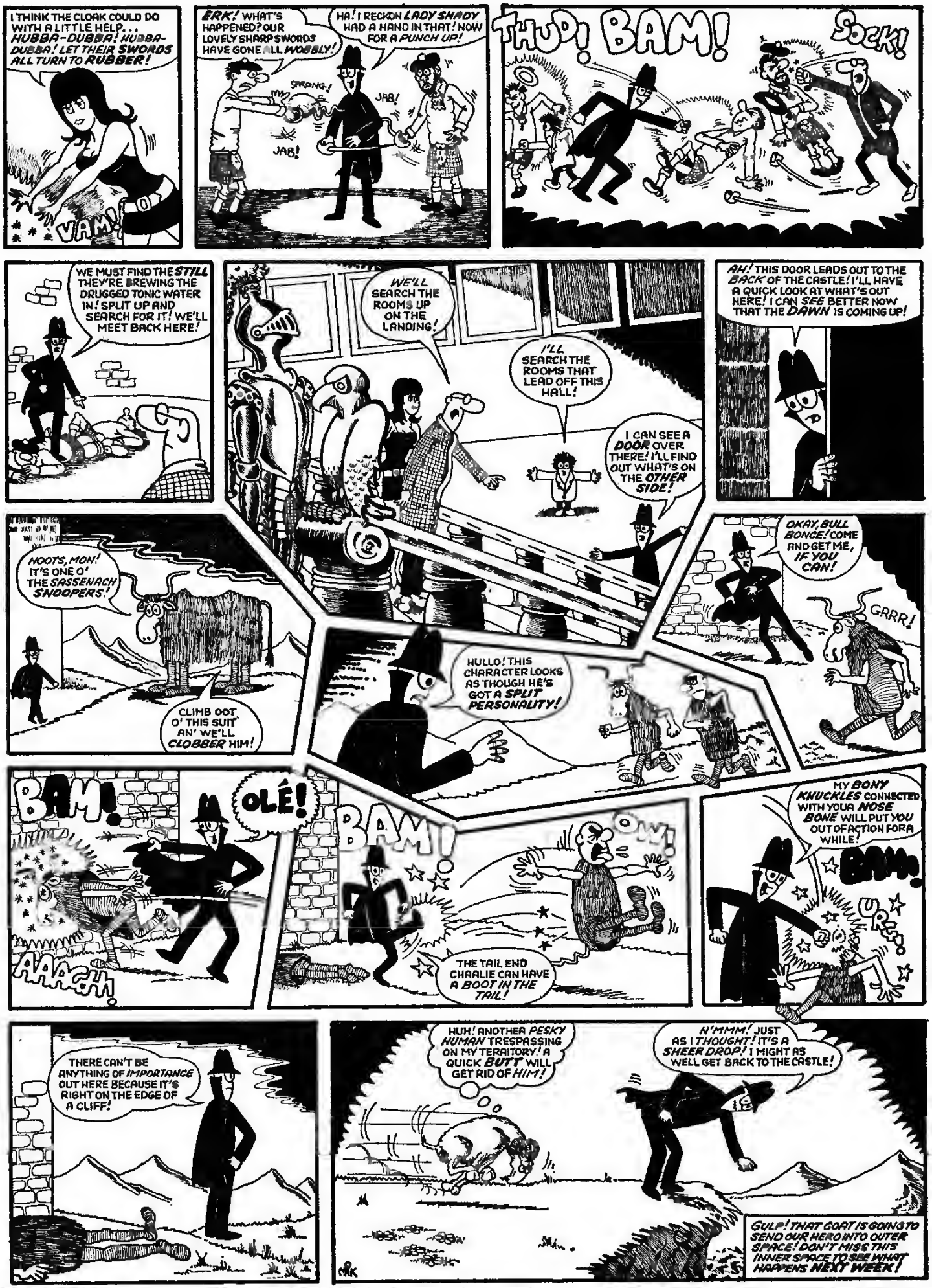
STAFFORD CAN'T STOP ME NOW! I'LL CATCH THE LEADERS — AND WIN!

BUT BEHIND HIM, VIC STAFFORD FELT CONFIDENT THAT JEFF WOULD NOT WIN!

JACKSON'S ENGINE MUST BE HEATING UP PLENTY. ANY TIME NOW HIS PETROL FEED WILL GO UP IN FLAMES, AND EVEN IF HE DOESN'T CRASH, HE'LL BE OUT OF THE RACE!

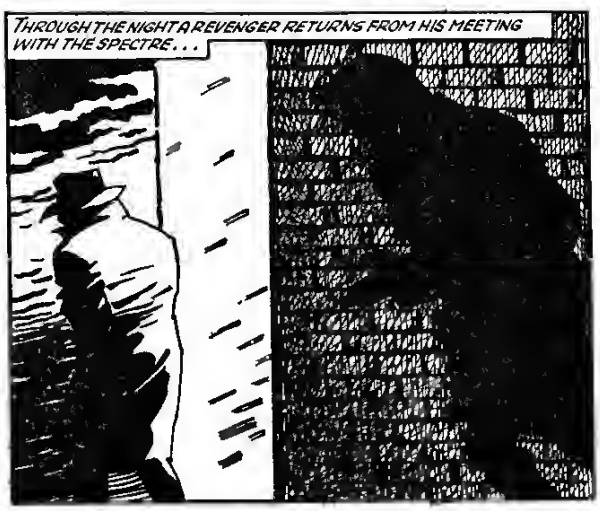
IN NEXT WEEK'S SMASH! — FULL SPEED AHEAD IN A BLAZING RACER!

THE CLOAK
MEETS
THE PHANTOM PIPER
GURGLE!
OO-ER! THAT STICKY STUFF WILL SUCK US UNDER AND SUFFOCATE US!
OUR HEROES HAVE BEEN TRAPPED IN THE DUNGEONS OF CASTLE McDOOM UP IN SCOTLAND BY THE PHANTOM PIPER, AN EVIL AGENT OF G.H.O.U.L.! THE FOUL FIEND IS FILLING THE DUNGEON WITH GRUESOME KILLER PORRIDGE! HOW READ ON, IF YOU DARE!
DON'T WORRY, CLOAK! I'VE GOT A FEW OF MY MAGIC POWERS LEFT, EVEN THOUGH YOU'VE LOST YOURS! NOW THAT THOSE G.H.O.U.L. GUYS HAVE GONE, I CAN USE THEM!
SLURP!
GURGLE!
BY THE WITCH'S NOSE AND THE WITCH'S EYE, LET THIS PORRIDGE SOLIDIFY!
WE TOLD YOU HOW LADY SHADY GOT HER MAGIC POWERS WAY BACK... REMEMBER? — COS.
IT WORKED! THE PORRIDGE HAS GONE ROCK HARD! WE CAN CLIMB OVER IT AND REACH THE DOOR!
YOU SEE— I'M NOT JUST A PRETTY FACE!
MY SKELETON KEY SHOULD GET US OUT OF HERE — THEN WE'LL HAVE TO STOP THE GHOUL MOB FROM HANDING OUT SAMPLES OF THEIR DRUGGED TONIC WATER!
MEANWHILE...
HOW'S THE BREW COMING ALONG, McNUTT?
IT'S ALMOST READY, BOSS! WE'LL BE ABLE TO BOTTLE IT, AN' SHIP IT OOT IN A FEW HOURS!
BOSS! THE SASSENACHS HAVE ESCAPED!
CURSES! THAT MEANS THEY'RE ROAMIN' ROUND THE CASTLE! WE'VE GOT TAE STOP 'EM!
GO FIND 'EM! AN' FINISH 'EM OFF THIS TIME, LADS!
WE'LL SPLIT UP AND SEARCH THE CASTLE FROM TOP TO BOTTOM!
MINUTES LATER...
I SAY! THAT'S NOT VERY FRIENDLY!
HA! AH'VE FOUND YE! AH'M GOIN' TAE RUN YE THROUGH!
LET'S SEE HOW CLEVER YOU ARE NOW I'VE GOT A SWORD!
I'LL STILL CUT YE INTO LITTLE BITS!
YOU AND WHO'S ARMY?
CLASH!
CLANG!
ME AN' MY ARMY, THAT'S WHO!
GULP! I THINK I BELIEVE YOU!


I THINK THE CLOAK COULD DO WITH A LITTLE HELP... HUBBA-DUBBA! HUBBA-DUBBA! LET THEIR SWORDS ALL TURN TO RUBBER!
VAM!
ERK! WHAT'S HAPPENED? OUR LOVELY SHARP SWORDS HAVE GONE ALL WOBBLY!
HA! I RECKON LADY SHADY HAD A HAND IN THAT! NOW FOR A PUNCH UP!
SPRONG!
JAB!
JAB!
THUD!
BAM!
SOCK!
WE MUST FIND THE STILL THEY'RE BREWING THE DRUGGED TONIC WATER IN! SPLIT UP AND SEARCH FOR IT! WE'LL MEET BACK HERE!
WE'LL SEARCH THE ROOMS UP ON THE LANDING!
I'LL SEARCH THE ROOMS THAT LEAD OFF THIS HALL!
I CAN SEE A DOOR OVER THERE! I'LL FIND OUT WHAT'S ON THE OTHER SIDE!
AH! THIS DOOR LEADS OUT TO THE BACK OF THE CASTLE! I'LL HAVE A QUICK LOOK AT WHAT'S OUT HERE! I CAN SEE BETTER NOW THAT THE DAWN IS COMING UP!
HOOTS, MON! IT'S ONE O' THE SASSENACH SNOOPERS!
CLIMB OOT O' THIS SUIT AN' WE'LL CLOBBER HIM!
OKAY, BULL BONGE! COME AND GET ME, IF YOU CAN!
GRRR!
HULLO! THIS CHARACTER LOOKS AS THOUGH HE'S GOT A SPLIT PERSONALITY!
BAM!
OLÉ!
AAARGH!
BAM!
OW!
THE TAIL END CHAALIE CAN HAVE A BOOT IN THE TAIL!
MY BONY KNUCKLES CONNECTED WITH YOUR NOSE BONE WILL PUT YOU OUT OF ACTION FOR A WHILE!
BAM!
URP!
THERE CAN'T BE ANYTHING OF IMPORTANCE OUT HERE BECAUSE IT'S RIGHT ON THE EDGE OF A CLIFF!
HUH! ANOTHER PESKY HUMAN TRESPASSING ON MY TERRITORY! A QUICK BUTT WILL GET RID OF HIM!
N'MMM! JUST AS I THOUGHT! IT'S A SHEER DROP! I MIGHT AS WELL GET BACK TO THE CASTLE!
GULP! THAT GOAT IS GOING TO SEND OUR HERO INTO OUTER SPACE! DON'T MISS THIS INNER SPACE TO SEE WHAT HAPPENS NEXT WEEK!

A SINISTER GANG KNOWN AS **THE REVENGERS** HAS DRUGGED **THE SPECTRE** TO MAKE HIM OBEY ITS EVIL THOUGHT-WAVES. HE MEETS ONE OF THE GANG AND RECEIVES A TIME-BOMB FROM HIM—BUT THE CROOK CANNOT SUSPECT THAT THE SPECTRE **KNOWS** WHAT HE IS DOING...

AT NIGHT STALKS THE SPECTRE



BUT HE DOES NOT KNOW, THAT OUT OF SIGHT, THE SPECTRE IS FOLLOWING...
WHEN I TOOK THE BOMB FROM HIM I WAS ABLE TO PLANT A TINY RADAR DEVICE ON HIM...

MEANWHILE, IN THE OFFICES OF THE DAILY GLOBE, EDITOR TOD TOGAN IS QUESTIONING THE MAN WHOM THE SPECTRE HAS RESCUED...
WAIT!... IT'S ALL BEGINNING TO COME BACK TO ME NOW! AS IF A VEIL HAS SUDDENLY LIFTED FROM MY MIND! I DO REMEMBER THE REVENGERS... I REMEMBER THE SPECTRE COMING AFTER ME! I REMEMBER THE SPECTRE WAS CAPTURED BY THEM...
GO ON! KEEP THINKING! GO ON!

THE MAN WHO HAD HIMSELF BEEN A MIND SLAVE OF THE REVENGERS PALED...
BECAUSE...THEY HAD TREATED HIM WITH STUFF THAT WOULD MAKE HIM THEIR SLAVE...WHENEVER THEY WISHED. HE DOESN'T KNOW IT...BUT HE IS NOW A WALKING WEAPON!
YOU MEAN THE SPECTRE COULD SUDDENLY BECOME A WEAPON FOR EVIL? I'VE GOT TO TELL THE POLICE...!

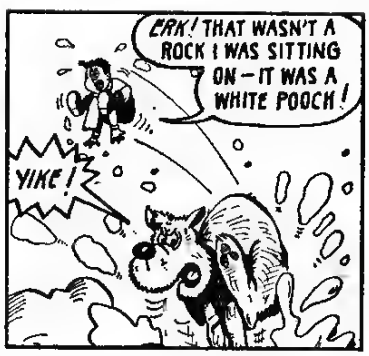
AND ELSEWHERE IN THE CITY...
HE'S TAKING HIS TIME! AND THE TROUBLE IS...THE DUST I TREATED MYSELF WITH WILL WEAR OFF VERY SOON. AND WHEN IT DOES, I'LL BE AS MUCH THEIR MIND SLAVE AS ANY OF THE OTHER POOR DEVILS!

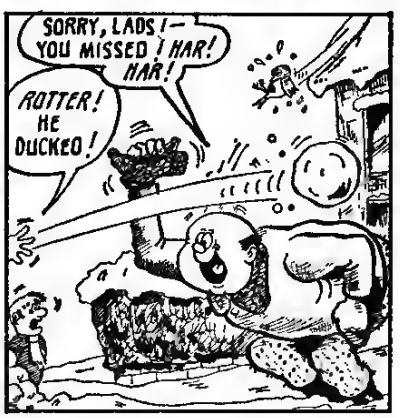
I'VE A SKELETON KEY THAT'LL OPEN THIS CAR DOOR. I'LL HAVE TO BORROW IT UNTIL...!
STOP THAT'S MY CAR!
THE CREW OF A POLICE CAR HEAR THE MAN'S INDIGNANT CRY...
HEAR THAT? LET'S GO, FRANK!
STOP, THIEF! HE'S STEALING MY CAR! STOP THIEF!
THEN...
LOOK! YOU SEE WHO IT IS? THE SPECTRE!
AND WE'VE JUST BEEN RADIOED TO FIND HIM AT ALL COSTS!
THE PATROL CAR SCREECHES ACROSS THE SPECTRE'S PATH...
DON'T FORGET, WE'RE NOT SUPPOSED TO USE VIOLENCE... OR HARM HIM!
DAAN IT! THEY'VE BLOCKED THE WAY!
HE'S COMING FOR US! USE THE GAS GUNS!
GAS GUNS! IF I'M KNOCKED OUT, THAT REVENGER WILL GET AWAY!
THE SPECTRE'S HANDS MOVE SWIFTLY TO HIS FACE, THEN...
IT'S NOT AFFECTING HIM! HE'S COMING RIGHT THROUGH IT!
BEFORE THE ASTOUNDED POLICE CAN RETALIATE...
SORRY, BOYS! I KNOW YOU'RE ACTING FOR WHAT YOU THINK IS THE BEST... BUT YOU DON'T KNOW THE HALF OF WHAT'S AT STAKE...!
UUUUGH!
GGGNNNN!
...NOR DID YOU KNOW THE SPECTRE ALWAYS CARRIES NOSTRIL-FITTING FILTERS AS A PROTECTION AGAINST ANY KIND OF GAS!
AND FORGIVE ME FOR HI-JACKING YOUR PATROL CAR! BUT I'VE GOT A BIT OF LAW-AND-ORDER WORK TO DO MYSELF...
THEN...
NOT MUCH TIME LEFT. IF I CAN'T CLOBBER THE REVENGERS BEFORE MY TREATMENT WEARS OFF... THEN THEY WILL CERTAINLY BE ABLE TO CLOBBER ME! I'LL BE THEIR MIND SLAVE!
NEXT WEEK: The Spectre Fights Back!

SUPERMAN and BATMAN
with ROBIN The Boy Wonder
SUPERMAN UNMASKS PROFESSOR ZINKK AS A MAN OF EVIL... BUT, ELUDING PURSUIT, HE DOUBLES BACK INTO HIS LABORATORY WHERE STANDS THE FANTASTIC DISINTEGRATOR CHAIR...
I NEVER THOUGHT I'D SIT IN THIS CHAIR MYSELF --
-- BUT DESPERATE SITUATIONS CALL FOR DESPERATE MEASURES --
--BUT I'M THREE TIMES AS SMART AS ALL THREE OF THEM --
--AND I'LL OUTWIT THOSE DO-GOODERS YET!
AHA, MY STUPID FRIENDS! AS YOU WENT OUT THE FRONT DOOR, I CAME IN THE BACK!
I PRESUME YOU PLAN TO DISINTEGRATE YOURSELF HERE, AND ATTEMPT TO RECONSTITUTE YOUR MOLECULES SOMEPLACE ELSE?
YOU'LL NEVER GET AWAY WITH IT!
SORRY, SONNY--
--I'M GONE!--AND WITH POWER AT MAXIMUM THIS WHOLE PLACE IS ABOUT TO BLOW UP!!
GET OUT!!
THE BATCOPTER IS UP THERE!!
ZZZZT!
BOOM!
HA HA HA HA! SO I DID ESCAPE YOU AFTER ALL!!
ZINKK'S VOICE!
SOMEDAY I'LL RECONSTITUTE MY MOLECULES --AND COME BACK TO TAKE MY REVENGE ON YOU DO-GOODERS!
YOU FORGET ONE THING, PROF. ZINKK--
BOB KANE
--WHEN YOU BLEW UP YOUR MOLECULAR-DISINTEGRATOR, YOU DESTROYED YOUR ONLY WAY BACK!

NO ANSWER! I GUESS THAT TAKES CARE OF HIM!
WE CAN ONLY HOPE SO, ROBIN...
MILES AWAY AT GOTHAM CITY POLICE H.Q....
THE LASS WANTED YOU TO CALL BATMAN ON THE BATPHONE, COMMISSIONER, SIR?
TRUE, CHIEF O'HARA-- AS THOUGH THE GOTHAM CITY POLICE DEPARTMENT WERE SOME SORT OF DATING SERVICE!
BOB KANE
NATURALLY I REFUSED!
BUT SHE HAS A DETERMINED LOOK ABOUT HER! WHAT WILL SHE DO NEXT?
COMMISSIONER
WELL, THAT'S THE END OF PROF. ZINKK AND HIS CRUMMY LABORATORY!
--AND VERY NEARLY THE END OF THE BATCOPTER!
PLASTINO Ellsworth
Distributed by The Ledger Syndicate, Inc (C) 1968 National Periodical Publications, Inc
HOW ABOUT THAT! THE EXPLOSION BLEW IT STRAIGHT UP! AND SUPERMAN IS PULLING IT BACK DOWN!
COME ON DOWN WHERE YOU BELONG!
MEANWHILE, IN GOTHAM CITY--
SOMEHOW I'VE GOT TO GET IN TOUCH WITH AQUAMAN--
GOTHAM CITY HIGH BRIDGE NO PEDESTRIANS
--AND THE ONLY WAY TO DO THAT IS THROUGH BATMAN, SO--
GET BACK UP HERE BEFORE YOU KILL YOURSELF!
ONLY IF BATMAN ORDERS ME TO PERSONALLY!
HERE'S A SWINGING NEW DEVELOPMENT IN OUR SUPER-SAGA. STAY WITH IT, WITH SMASH NEXT WEEK!

SAMMY SHRINK





KING OF THE RING

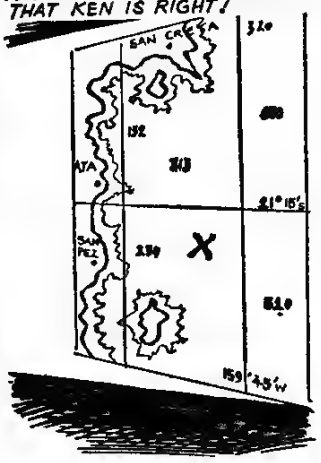
AT BOUVILLE IN SOUTHERN FRANCE, WRESTLER KEN KING PICKS UP A WATCH WHICH HOLDS THE SECRET OF THE MYSTERIOUS 'GOLDEN MAMMOTH'! HE AND HIS MANAGER PAL BLARNEY, ESCAPE FROM THE YACHT OF MILLIONAIRE DUBRAY, BUT THE CHASE IS ON... WITH DUBRAY AND A GANG OF THUGS IN PURSUIT.
THOSE CUT-THROAT GOONS HAVE A POWER-LAUNCH! KEN, WE'LL NEVER GET CLEAR!
THEN KEEP THE THROTTLE WIDE OPEN...AND BOTH FINGERS CROSSED!

PAY THAT INTO YOUR PIGGY-BANK! IT MAKES ME FEEL A HEAP BETTER.
SWISSSH!
A GIANT FORM BOUNDS FORWARD... THE CAPSTAN!
GRAAAAH!
KEN— FOR PETE'S SAKE...!
OH, NO! HE'S FALLEN!
THE FALL IS NO MISTAKE!
UUMPH!
YOU'VE NO ROPE CASING NOW, CAPSTAN. SO THIS BODY SCISSORS WILL 'BITE'!
MEANWHILE, BLARNEY REACHES THE FALLEN AUTOMATIC...
HOLD IT THERE, BHOYOS! IT WOULDN'T BREAK MY HEART TO SERVE YOU A BULLET SANDWICH...
WHY, YOU...!
BUT THE CAPSTAN TEARS FREE.
WATCH HIM, KEN! IT'LL BE A FLYING HEAD-BUTT!
KEN LEAPS.
YOU WORRY TOO MUCH, BLARNEY! I'VE MY OWN SCORE WITH THIS BLACK-DRAPED GORILLA.
THAT HEADER'S AS GOOD AS A SLEEPER HOLD! NOW FOR THE LAST PART...
THUD!
AN OLD-TIME 'SPINNER'... AND, BROTHER, YOU'RE SPUN!
WHEN CAPSTAN LANDS...
A TRIPLE KNOCK-OUT! THEY'LL REMEMBER THAT. IF THEY DON'T LOSE THEIR MEMORIES!
NOW SOMEONE START TALKING — WHAT'S THE GIMMICK ABOUT THIS WRIST-WATCH? YOU, SCARFACE— OR DO I GIVE YOU A LITTLE CAPSTAN-TYPE TREATMENT?
OPEN IT—THERE'S A MICRO-DOT FILM IN THE BACK. ON THE FILM IS A MAP SHOWING WHERE OUR LAUNCH 'THE GOLDEN MAMMOTH', SANK...!

KEN AND BLARNEY LEAD THEIR CAPTIVES TO THE LOCAL POLICE H.Q.

THERE'S THE MICRD-DOT! WHEN IT IS 'BLOWN UP', YOU'LL FIND IT'S A MAP SHOWING WHERE THE GOLDEN MAMMDTH WENT DDWN.

A SPECIAL PROJECTOR PROVES THAT KEN IS RIGHT!



NEXT DAY, SALVAGE OPERATIONS TAKE PLACE...

AND I THOUGHT THE GOLDEN MAMMOTH WAS AN ELEPHANT!

I NEVER SUSPECTED THE NAME OF A BOAT.

RECOVERED CASES ARE OPENED.

GOLD INGOTS! PHEEW! NO WONDER DUBRAY WAS MAD WHEN THE OTHER GOONS DOUBLE-CRDSSED HIM.

THEY'RE WORTH A BOMB!

I'M GLAD TO SAY THERE'S A SUBSTANTIAL REWARD FOR YOUR HELP IN CATCHING THOSE SMUGGLERS!

I'LL TAKE IT—I—I—ER, I—I ALWAYS LOOK AFTER THE PURSE MONEY.

NEXT DAY...

I THINK WE'LL STICK AROUND, BARNEY. THE WRESTLING GAME SEEMS TO PAY IN THESE PARTS.

EVEN IF WE CAN'T AFFORD A YACHT, AT LEAST YOU'VE BOUGHT A REALLY DECENT NEW WATCH!

NEXT WEEK: KEN FACES THE 'TERROR OF THE TIGER'!

PERCY'S PETS

EEK! WHERE DID ALL THIS PAPER COME FROM???!!

JUMBO'S GOT A CORKER OF COLD, PERCY. HE'S GOING THROUGH TONS OF PAPER HANKIES.

IS THAT SO?!!

ICE BAG

SNIFF

PAPER HAN

PAPER H

PAPER HAN

A CORKER OF A COLD, EH? WELL, LET'S SEE IF THIS CORK WILL PUT A STOP TO IT, BEFORE THIS HOUSE LOOKS LIKE A WASTE PAPER DUMP!

COR! I'VE HEARD OF A BLOCKED-UP NOSE, BUT THIS IS RIDICULOUS!!

AAA-AAAA-

ICE BAG

CRIPES! YOU'VE DONE IT NOW! THERE MUST HAVE BEEN DUST ON THAT CORK!

OH, NO! NOT A SNEEZE! ANYTHING BUT THAT!!

CHOOOo

AAAGH! DUCK!

HEAD FOR THE HILLS!

AAAYEEE! SOMEONE STOP IT! IT'S HEADING STRAIGHT TOWARDS MY MATCHSTICK GALLEON!

MADE BY PERCY WITH DAD'S MATCHSTICKS

YOU'RE ON YOUR OWN, MATE!

SMASH!

BOO-HOO! IT TOOK ME THREE YEARS TO MAKE THAT. NOW IT'S RUINED! WAAAH-AAH!

PAPER HANKIES

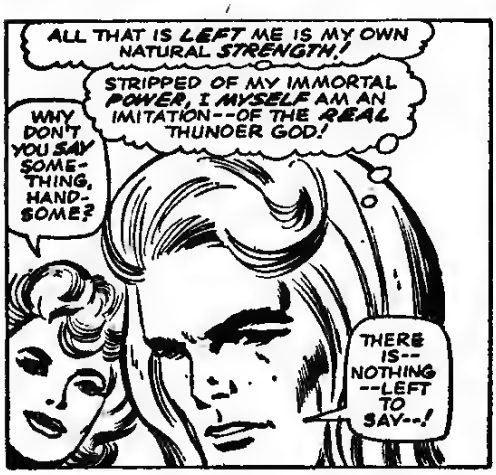
HUH! AND HE TALKS ABOUT ME MAKING THE HDUSE LDOK LIKE A WASTE-PAPER DUMP! JUST LOOK AT THAT LOT!

THE MIGHTY THOR!
"--IF THE THUNDER BE GONE!"
HIS THUNDER GOD POWER TAKEN FROM HIM BY AN ANGRY ODIN, MIGHTY THOR FINDS EMPLOYMENT AS--A CIRCUS STRONG-MAN!
--BUT, THE NOBLE ASGARDIAN, ALAS, DOES NOT SUSPECT THAT HE HAS BEEN HIRED BY AN EVIL ARCH-FIEND, WHO IS PLANNING ONE OF THE GREATEST CRIMES OF ALL TIME!
AND NOW, LET'S JOIN OUR COLOURFUL CAST AS THEY PREPARE FOR THE DRAMATIC THEFT OF THE GOLDEN BULL--
Reg. T.M. & © Marvel Comics Group 1967

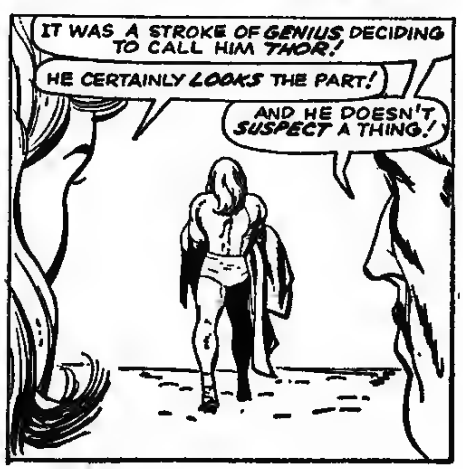
HE IS EVERY BIT AS STRONG AS HE CLAIMS TO BE!
IF ANYONE CAN CARRY THE GOLDEN BULL FOR US, HE IS THE MAN!
HERE COMES THE RING-MASTER!
WHAT DO YOU HAVE IN THAT PACKAGE YOU'RE CARRYING?

A COSTUME FOR OUR NEW STRONG-MAN!
WE MIGHT AS WELL CASH IN ON THE FACT THAT HE LOOKS LIKE MIGHTY THOR! IT'LL BE GREAT AT THE BOX OFFICE!
A COSTUME!

'TIS NAUGHT BUT A CHEAP, GAUDY IMITATION OF MY OWN REGAL RAIMENT!
MIGHTY IMPRESSIVE, EH? I HAD IT SPECIALLY MADE FOR YOU!
THE RUBES IN THE AUDIENCE WILL EAT IT UP!


ALL THAT IS LEFT ME IS MY OWN NATURAL STRENGTH!
STRIPPED OF MY IMMORTAL POWER, I MYSELF AM AN IMITATION--OF THE REAL THUNDER GOD!
WHY DON'T YOU SAY SOMETHING, HANDSOME?
THERE IS-- NOTHING --LEFT TO SAY--!

MMMMMMM! I ALWAYS DID LIKE THE STRONG, SILENT TYPE!
ENOUGH OF THAT! INTO YOUR COSTUME, THOR! THE SHOW IS ABOUT TO BEGIN!


IT WAS A STROKE OF GENIUS DECIDING TO CALL HIM THOR!
HE CERTAINLY LOOKS THE PART!
AND HE DOESN'T SUSPECT A THING!

OKAY--TO WORK! ALL OF YOU!
I WANT YOU TO KEEP REHEARSING UNTIL I'M SURE THERE'LL BE NO SLIP-UPS!
POOR THOR! HE KNOWS LESS ABOUT WHAT WE'VE PLANNED FOR HIM THAN MY LOYAL PYTHON DOES!

FORGET ABOUT THOR!
DO NOT WORRY! WHEN THE TIME COMES, PRINCESS PYTHON WILL DO HER PART!
THE GOLDEN BULL IS WORTH AT LEAST TWENTY MILLION DOLLARS! CONCENTRATE ON THAT!
FEMALES AND SNAKES!! I DON'T TRUST ANY OF THEM!

WHILE, WITHIN A NEARBY TENT--
TO THINK THAT I--MIGHTY THOR--SON OF OMNIPOTENT ODIN--GOD OF THUNDER--IMMORTAL OF ASGARD--SHOULD BE REDUCED TO THIS--!
NAUGHT BUT A PAID PERFORMER--CALLOUSLY EXHIBITING MY ONCE-GODLY STRENGTH!

AND YET--NO MATTER WHAT A MAN MAY DO--LET HIM DO IT WELL--
THAT HE MAY DESERVE THE NAME--OF MAN!
THOUGH I HAVE BEEN REDUCED TO THIS--
STILL SHALL I PERFORM--AS BEST I CAN!

MINUTES LATER, THE SHOW BEGINS! AS THE COSTUMED TROUPE MAKES ITS GRAND ENTRANCE PAST THE CHEERING THRONGS, NONE OF THE WIDE-EYED SPECTATORS IS AWARE THAT HE IS REALLY BEHOLDING--THE RING-MASTER'S CIRCUS OF CRIME--!!
LOOK AT THEM CHEER! THE FOOLS! IF THEY ONLY KNEW--!
FRESH ROASTED! GIT 'EM WHILE THEY'RE HOT!
LOOK! ON THE HORSE--IT'S THOR!! JUST LIKE THE POSTER SAID!

BUT THEN, THE OLDER MEMBERS OF THE AUDIENCE BEGIN TO CRY OUT IN DERISIVE DISBELIEF--
MIGHTY THOR WOULDN'T BE ACTING IN ANY TWO-BIT CIRCUS!
HE'S A PHONY!! WHO NEEDS 'IM?
BOOO! THROW THE BUM OUT!
QUIET! QUIET!! HE'LL PROVE HE'S THE REAL THOR!
IT DISPLEASES THEM THAT ANY WOULD DARE IMPERSONATE THE TRUE THUNDER GOD!
HURL YOUR HAMMER, THUNDER GOD!
HURL IT AS ONLY THE SON OF ODIN CAN--!!
HE HAS PLACED A GRANITE TARGET UPON A PLATFORM YONDER!
ALTHOUGH MY MIGHTY MALLET HAS LOST ITS AWESOME ENCHANTMENT--STILL I SHALL NOT FAIL!
--FOR STILL DO I POSSESS MY NATURAL STRENGTH--MY WARRIOR'S EYE--MY BATTLE-HONED SKILL!!
KRATTKK!
BUT EVEN AFTER THE DRAMATIC FEAT IS ACCOMPLISHED--
WHAT DOES THAT PROVE??
IF HE'S THE REAL THOR--WHY DOESN'T THE HAMMER RETURN TO HIM??
ANYONE MIGHT HAVE TOSSED THAT THING!
KEEP WATCHING!! IT WILL RETURN!
HE KNOWS NOT WHAT HE SAYS!
MY REGAL FATHER, IN HIS ALL-CONSUMING WRATH, HAS REMOVED THE ENCHANTMENT FROM ONCE-MAGICAL MJOLNIR!
THUS, IT CAN NO LONGER RETURN TO ITS DEPOSED MASTER!
BUT SUDDENLY--UNEXPECTEDLY--A STRANGELY GLOWING LIGHT IS LOWERED FROM THE TENT-TOP--
--A LIGHT WHICH IS THE EXACT DUPLICATE OF THE WHIRLING DESIGN UPON THE RINGMASTER'S HAT--!
AND, WITHIN SECONDS, EVERY MEMBER OF THE VAST AUDIENCE IS SUBJECT TO A STRANGE HYPNOTIC TRANCE--
PICK UP YOUR HAMMER, THOR--NOW!
THOUGH YOU BEND DOWN AND LIFT IT FROM THE FLOOR, THOSE WHO ARE WATCHING WILL SEE AN ENTIRELY DIFFERENT SIGHT--!
THEY WILL SEE EXACTLY WHAT THE RINGMASTER WISHES THEM TO SEE!!
THUS, SCANT SECONDS LATER...
'TIS MOST PASSING STRANGE!
THOUGH I DID MERELY STOOP TO PICK UP MY HAMMER...
THEY CHEER AS THOUGH A WONDROUS FEAT HAS BEEN PERFORMED!
NEVER SHALL I TRULY FATHOM THE ODD BEHAVIOUR OF EARTHLY MORTALS!
BUT, STAY! WHAT IS THIS?!! DO MY EYES DECEIVE ME?!!
HAS THE LOSS OF MY POWER AFFECTED MY VISION? DO I SEE WHAT IS NOT THERE?

NO! BY ASGARD'S GOLDEN GATES--'TIS SHE!
'TIS JANE FOSTER, WHOM I DIO ONCE LOVE!
BUT NOW, MY HEART REJOICES TO SEE THAT SHE HAS FOUND ANOTHER!

ODIN, IN HIS REGAL WISDOM, HAS MANAGED TO EASE THE ACHING OF HER HEART!
AHHN--WOULD THAT THE TRIBULATIONS OF MIGHTY THOR COULD SO EASILY BE BRUSHED ASIDE!

YOU WERE A REAL SMASH, THOR!
BUT I FEEL FOOLISH CALLING YOU THOR! HOW ABOUT LEVELING WITH ME, NAND-SOME--?
C'MON, PRINCESS--LOOK ALIVE!
THE SHOW JUST ENDED!
WHAT'S YOUR REAL NAME?
SOME THINGS THERE ARE WHICH 'TIS BEST TO LEAVE UNSAID!

WHICH MEANS IT'S TIME FOR THE REAL PERFORMANCE TO BEGIN!
OF WHAT REAL PERFORMANCE DO YOU SPEAK?
LOOK INTO MY EYES--AND YOU WILL LEARN--!

AND NOW--MY MAT! GAZE DEEP INTO THE CIRCLE WHICH YOU SEE BEFORE YOU!
I--SEE IT--MOVE! IT BEGINS--TO SPIN!

YOUR WILL IS LEAVING YOU! YOUR WILL IS BECOMING MINE!
THE RINGMASTER ALONE CAN GIVE YOU ORDERS!
--AND YOU MUST OBEY!

I--MUST--OBEY!
IT IS DONE! HE IS COMPLETELY UNDER MY CONTROL! NOW, LET US BEGIN!
WE'RE ALL READY! NOTHING'LL STOP US FROM GETTING THE GOLDEN BULL!

AND, SPEAKING OF THE PRICELESS STATUE, LET'S VISIT THE MUSEUM IN WHICH IT IS HOUSED--A SHORT TIME LATER--
I THOUGHT I HEARD A TRUCK PULLING UP OUTSIDE!
ME TOO! BUT WHY? IT'S TOO LATE FOR ANY DELIVERIES!

WE MIGHT AS WELL GO AND CHECK!
IT'LL GIVE US SOMETHING TO DO, ANYHOW!
SOME KINDA CLOWN--SCOOTIN' AROUND ON A UNICYCLE!
HOLD IT, MISTER! YOU'RE NOT GOIN' ANYWHERE!
I FEEL LIKE A NUT, STANDIN' AROUND TO GUARD SOMETHIN' THAT AN ARMY COULDN'T MANAGE TO CARRY OUT OF HERE!
HEY! WHO'S THAT?
DON'T TAKE ANY BETS ON THAT, MY FRIENO!
THE GREATEST ROBBERY OF ALL TIME BEGINS NEXT WEEK!

JUNGLE FORTUNE!

YOUR SMASH! SHORT STORY

IN THE BRAZILIAN JUNGLE, A GROTESQUELY MASKED WITCH DOCTOR STIRS HIS WARRIORS TO A SAVAGE FURY!

KILL! KILL!... KILL THE *WHITE DEVILS* WHO HAVE TAKEN FROM US OUR GOD!

AND, IN THE JUNGLE NEARBY...

THE TOM-TOMS! THEY SPEAK DEATH! THEY'RE ALREADY ON OUR TRAIL ... IT WAS *MADNESS* TO STEAL FROM THEM!

IF YOU SAVE YOUR BREATH FOR RUNNING, GONZALES, THERE'S NO REASON WHY WE SHOULDN'T ESCAPE THEM ... AND THEY WON'T FOLLOW US OUT OF THEIR OWN *TRIBAL TERRITORY* FOR FEAR OF WHAT LIES BEYOND!

AT LEAST GIVE ME THE *PISTOL* YOU CARRY IN YOUR BELT SO I CAN *PROTECT* MYSELF!

WHAT?... AND RISK YOU PUTTING A *BULLET* THROUGH MY *BRAIN* SO YOU CAN KEEP THE IDOL IN THAT PACK FOR YOURSELF...

GET MOVING, YOU SNIVELLING *COWARD!*

AGH!

LOGAN! LOOK OUT!

LOGAN'S AIM IS TRUE... BUT HE HAS NO TIME TO DODGE THE PLUNGING FURY...

AAAARGH!

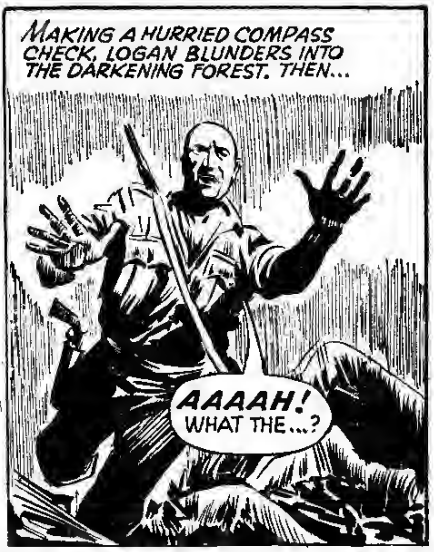
LOGAN AND THE PANTHER HAVE FALLEN INTO THAT PIT... BUT THAT *SHOT* WILL TELL THE TRIBESMEN WHERE WE ARE! I MUST RUN! GET AWAY!

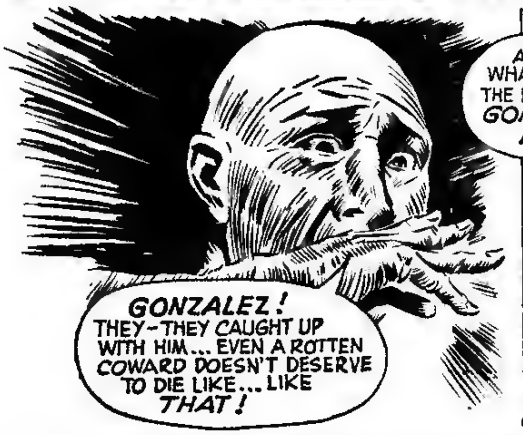
HOW LONG LOGAN LIES UNCONSCIOUS BENEATH THE CRUSHING WEIGHT OF THE DEAD PANTHER THERE IS NO WAY OF KNOWING. BUT IN THE FIAST GLIMMER OF AWAKENING, THOUGHTS COME BACK TO HIM OF THE EVENTS THAT LED TO HIS PRESENT PLIGHT...

SOMEHOW, LOGAN AND GONZALES, ON A MINERAL HUNTING EXPEDITION INTO THE BRAZILIAN JUNGLE, HAD LOST THEIR BEARINGS. FOR DAYS THEY HAD WANDERED BLINDLY... UNTIL...
TRIBESMEN! SHOOT THEM, LOGAN! SHOOT! PERHAPS THEY ARE HEAD HUNTERS!
WHO CARES? WE'RE DEAD MEN ANYWAY... BESIDES... I HAVEN'T THE STRENGTH..
BUT THE NATIVES PROVED FRIENDLY... AND GRADUALLY THE TWO MEN RECOVERED THEIR STRENGTH..
HEY! THAT'S THE HEADMAN— HE WANTS US TO GO INSIDE THAT HUT!
WELL! WHAT'VE WE GOT TO LOSE WE'D BETTER SEE WHAT HE WANTS!
INSIDE THE HUT, A STRANGE RITUAL TOOK PLACE...
THIS STUFF IS LIKE MAGIC... IT IS WASHING AWAY ALL MY HAIR
NOW I KNOW WHY [illegible] HAIRLESS... IT MUST BE SOME TRIBAL RELIGION OR SOMETHING!
THEN IT WAS LOGAN'S TURN FOR THE SAME SOOTHING TREATMENT... THEY LEFT THE HUT, AND..
WHAT'S THAT BLINDING MY EYES...? DIAMONDS! LOOK, GONZALEZ! DIAMONDS!
YOU ARE RIGHT, MY FRIEND... BUT WE DARE NOT TOUCH THEM! THAT FIGURE IS THEIR GOD... THEY WOULD KILL US IF WE DARED!
GOD? PSHAW! THERE'S A FORTUNE THERE, GONZALEZ.. AND WE'RE GONNA GET IT!
BUT WHAT USE IS A FORTUNE TO US HERE? WE WILL NEVER FIND OUR WAY BACK TO CIVILIZATION THROUGH THE JUNGLE!
BUT GREED AND A RELUCTANT FAITH IN LOGAN'S MASSIVE CONFIDENCE OVERCAME THE LITTLE MAN'S FEARS! THAT NIGHT..
GOT IT!
THINK OF IT, GONZALEZ... A MILLION POUNDS TO SHARE BETWEEN US.. WE'RE RICH, MAN! RICH!
SI... B-BUT LET US MAKE HASTE... BEFORE THEY DISCOVER THAT WE HAVE ROBBED THEM!
NOW, AS HIS MIND CLEARS, LOGAN TAKES STOCK OF HIS SITUATION...
I...I'M IN A PIT... AN ANIMAL TRAP... GONZALEZ!.. WHERE IS HE? WHY DIDN'T HE HELP?
THE RAT! THE DIRTY RAT! HE'S RUN OFF WITH THE IDOL... AND LEFT ME HERE TO DIE!
LOGAN LEAPS FOR AN OVERHANGING BRANCH...
BUT I'M NOT DEAD! I'LL GET OUT OF HERE! AND THEN... GOT IT!
GOT TO WORK FAST... I DON'T KNOW HOW LONG I'VE BEEN LAID OUT DOWN HERE...

IT'S GETTING DARK... I MUST HAVE BEEN DOWN IN THIS HELL-HOLE ALL DAY. THESE PEGS I MADE WILL GET ME OUT...

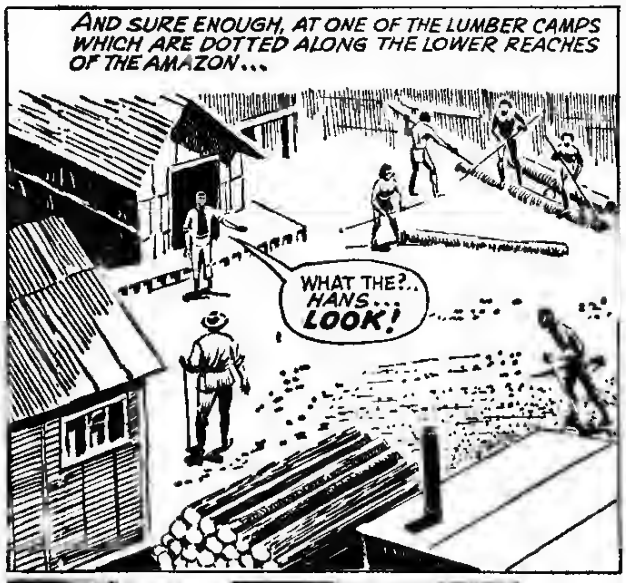
IF I'D STAYED DOWN THERE, THE NATIVES WHO RIGGED UP THAT TRAP MIGHT HAVE HAD A SITTING DUCK... ME!


MAKING A HURRIED COMPASS CHECK, LOGAN BLUNDERS INTO THE DARKENING FOREST. THEN...
AAAAH! WHAT THE...?


GONZALEZ! THEY-THEY CAUGHT UP WITH HIM... EVEN A ROTTEN COWARD DOESN'T DESERVE TO DIE LIKE... LIKE THAT!

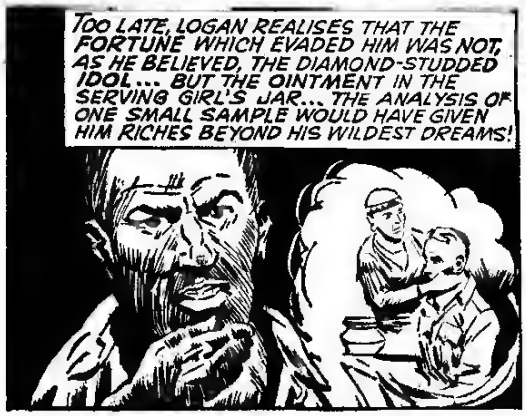
AND THEY TOOK WHAT THEY CAME FOR, THE IDOL... A FORTUNE GONE! ALL THIS FOR NOTHING!

DAY FOLLOWED DAY IN THE LONELY TERROR OF UNEXPLORED JUNGLE... UNTIL, HUNGRY AND EXHAUSTED...
A RIVER! THANK GOD! I... I MUST FIND A SETTLEMENT SOMEWHERE ON ITS BANKS.


AND SURE ENOUGH, AT ONE OF THE LUMBER CAMPS WHICH ARE DOTTED ALONG THE LOWER REACHES OF THE AMAZON...
WHAT THE?.. HANS... LOOK!

A GOOD MEAL IS LOGAN'S FIRST NEED... AND AS HE EATS, HE TELLS HIS HOST THE STORY OF PURSUIT, OF GONZALEZ'S DEATH... EVERYTHING... SAVE HIS ROBBERY OF THE IDOL...
IN ALL THE YEARS I HAFF BEEN LOGGING ON THE BANKS OF THE AMAZON... NEVER HAFF I HEARD OF SUCH A TRIBE... BUT THEN FEW MEN HAFF GONE SO FAR INTO THE JUNGLE AS YOU AND RETURNED ALIVE...

HA! I SEE YOU ENJOYED YOUR MEAL... YOUR PLATE IS SO CLEAN IT WILL NOT NEED WASHING UP...
TALKING OF WASHING... BOY! COULD I DO WITH A WASH AND SHAVE!
SHAVE! I DO NOT ENVY YOU, MY FRIEND... IT WILL BE... HOW YOU SAY? VERY PAINFUL...


TOO LATE, LOGAN REALISES THAT THE FORTUNE WHICH EVADED HIM WAS NOT, AS HE BELIEVED, THE DIAMOND-STUDDED IDOL... BUT THE OINTMENT IN THE SERVING GIRL'S JAR... THE ANALYSIS OF ONE SMALL SAMPLE WOULD HAVE GIVEN HIM RICHES BEYOND HIS WILDEST DREAMS!

SHAVE! WHO NEEDS TO SHAVE?
IT IS THE MADNESS... THE MADNESS OF THE JUNGLE!

HEH! HEH! HEH! IT'S THERE... IN THE JUNGLE! NO RAZORS ANY MORE... AND A FORTUNE FOR ME! I'M GOING TO GET IT! HEH! HEH!
POOR FELLOW... LET HIM GO! WE CANNOT STOP HIM!
BUT OUR GUESS IS THAT LOGAN WILL NEVER RETURN WITH HIS JUNGLE FORTUNE!
THE END

SMASH
POW
WOW!
Have you a trick or cartoon you would like to see in SMASH ? Send it on a postcard to: SMASH, 189 High Holborn, London, W.C.1. It might win 10/-

Dear Alf and Cos,

Why is it that when the Human Torch flames on he never burns his clothes?

Richard Jermyn,
Letchworth, Herts.

It's because his clothes are made of UNSTABLE MOLECULES, Richard, a special invention of Reed Richards. All the Fantastic Four's clothes are made of this material, enabling them to stretch, turn invisible or burst into flames without actually harming their clothing!

Alf and Cos.

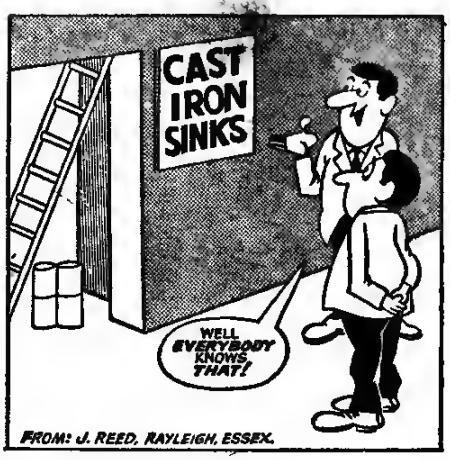
Dear Alf and Cos,

Thanks very much for giving us "Destination Danger." I am a motor-racing fan, and your story is really great! But I have one complaint to make, and that is about a mistake in the Cloak story in No. 149. He fell off a catwalk and landed in the straw used to pack the Monster Master's monsters with. But in issue 148, you said that the monsters were packed in mothballs. Explain yourself!

A. P. Grout,
Reading, Berks.

Well, it's quite easy, really. The really delicate monsters were packed in straw and mothballs, and the Cloak fell into the straw, after the mothballs had been removed, whereas the other monsters weren't quite so delicate, and were only packed with mothballs! And that's the truth!

Alf and Cos.



FROM: J. REED, RAYLEIGH, ESSEX.

FROM: JOHN USHER, NEWALL GREEN, MANCHESTER.

Dear Alf and Cos,

I unquestionably think your comic is the best being published today, but I have one small question to ask you about Batman. Every so often throughout the strip, there appears a strange and unidentified name "Plastino Ellsworth." Can you please explain what this means?

Julian Peach,
Loughborough, Leics.

It's really two separate names, Julian . . . Plastino and Ellsworth being the names of the people who draw Batman along with Bob Kane, every week!

Alf and Cos.

Dear Alf and Cos,

I have read almost every SMASH, and I've seen Reed Richards doing all kinds of stretching acts, but nobody has said how far he can stretch. Could you please tell me?

Laurent Wild,
Manchester.

We don't really know, Laurent, and we rather doubt whether Reed Richards himself knows! All we can really say is that the farther he stretches, the weaker he gets. So he doesn't often try to stretch to his limit . . . but if he was really desperate, who knows how far he could go?

Alf and Cos.

Dear Alf and Cos,

I was reading your great comic when I noticed something strange about the Batman story. Why does the Batcopter have wings as well as a helicopter rotor? A normal plane has no need of helicopter blades, and a normal helicopter has no need of wings. So why has the Batplane got both?

Paul Smith,
Redditch, Worcs.

They're there to add extra stability to the Batcopter, which Batman needs for all the tricky stunts he does. Also, they make the Batcopter instantly recognisable thus striking fear into the hearts of villains who see it coming!

Alf and Cos.

DON'T FORGET THE COUPON!

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.....

My second favourite feature is

.....

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BRIAN'S BRAIN

THE AMAZING ARTIFICIAL BRAIN BRIAN ALWAYS CARRIES WITH HIM IN A BOX IS HELPING HIM AND HIS FRIEND DUFFY TO DEFEAT THE SINISTER GREY SHADOW WHO MENACES MATCHEM'S CIRCUS. NOW THE BRAIN HAS LED THEM TO RICKY, THE MISSING BOY TRAPEZE STAR!

YES, I AM RICKY! I HID IN THE CIRCUS STORE! GREY SHADOW WILL KILL ME IF HE FINDS ME – YOU'VE GOT TO HELP ME!

BRIAN PULLS THE FUGITIVE BOY BEHIND COVER.

FIRST, TELL US WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT!

IN MY LAST CIRCUS SHOW IN AMERICA A STRANGER PROMISED ME A THOUSAND DOLLARS TO DELIVER A PACKAGE IN MY HOME TOWN OF MADRID – RICARDO TOREZ IS MY FULL NAME...

PUT YOUR CAT-MASK BACK ON, RICKY – YOU ARE NOT SAFE WITHOUT IT!

YES... ANY OF THOSE CIRCUS STARS IN THE PARADE MIGHT BE GREY SHADOW!

GRATEFULLY, RICKY OBEYS

WE'LL TAKE A SHORT CUT PAST THE SIDE-SHOWS TO THE CARAVAN DUFFY AND I SHARE!

ONLY ONE SHILLING TO SEE THE MIGHTY ROBOT!

RANDARIAN THE MIGHTY ROBOT

WATCH OUT, BRIAN! WE'RE BEING FOLLOWED!

THAT FAKE COW-PUNCHER, BUSTER, IS AFTER US!

I'VE GOT TO GET AWAY FROM THIS CIRCUS! IF BUSTER IS GREY SHADOW, TELL HIM I DON'T ANY LONGER HAVE THE PACKAGE HE SEEKS!

RICKY, WHERE ARE YOU!... WHEREEVER YOU ARE, I SHALL FIND YOU!

LISTEN... I'LL JUMP A TRUCK OUT OF HERE. TELL THIS BUSTER I HID THE PACKAGE IN THE COLOURED BALL USED IN THE BROWN BEAR'S ACT – TELL EVERYBODY! THEN MAYBE I'LL BE SAFE!

RICKY TEARS OFF HIS DISGUISE, AND...

RICKY'S BOLTED, DUFFY!

AND WE'LL BOLT, TOO, IF WE'VE GOT ANY SENSE! COME ON, BRIAN!

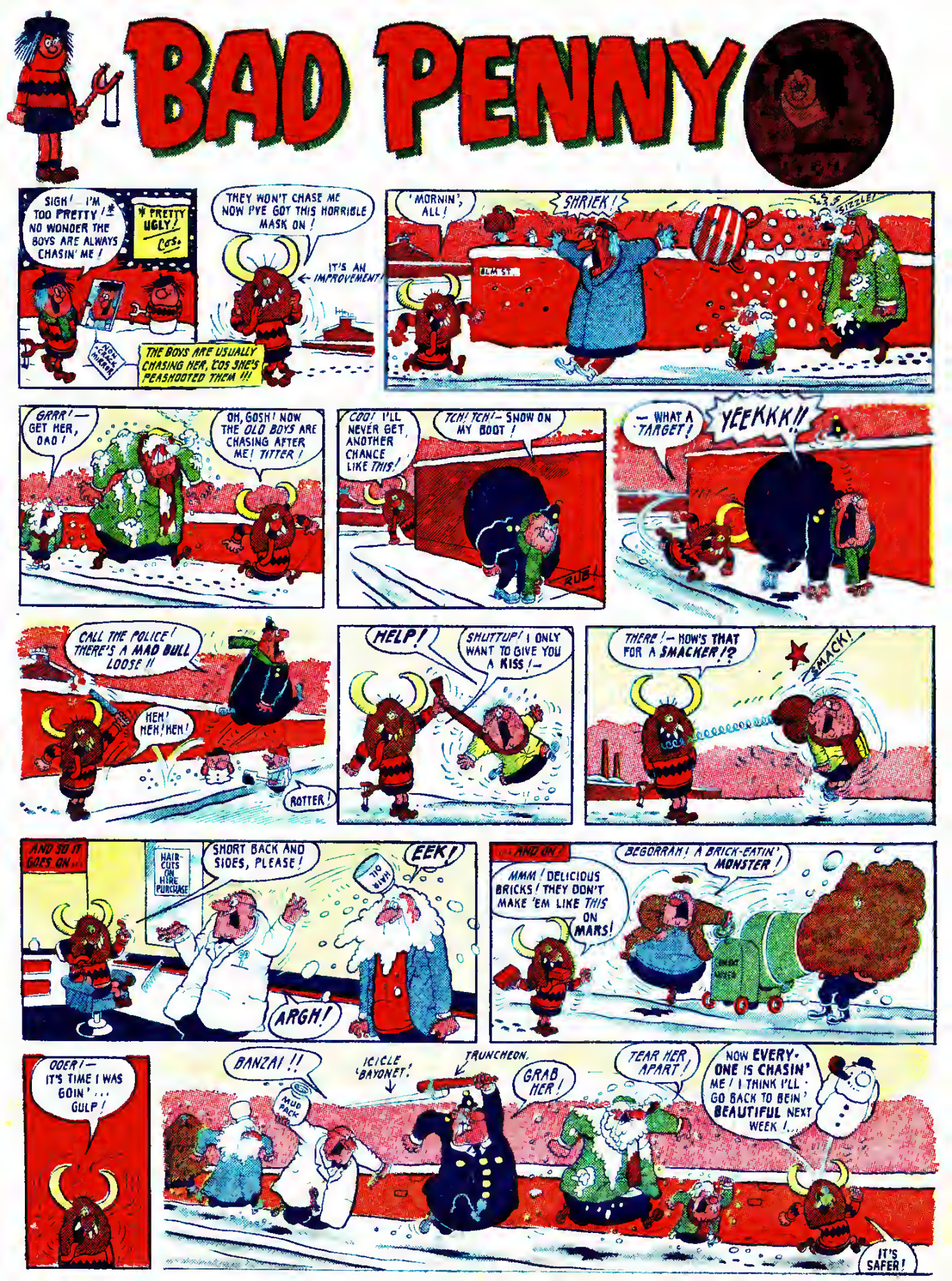
PEOPLE AND LIGHTS! THAT GUNMAN WON'T TRY ANYTHING HERE, BRIAN! I'LL FIND MY UNCLE AND TELL HIM RICKY'S ON THE RUN AND IN DANGER!

I'M GOING TO ASK THE BRAIN WHAT TO DO!

WHILE DUFFY SPEEDS OFF...
I HEARD ALL, BRIAN! THE ANSWER TO THE MYSTERY IS IN THE BROWN BEARS' ACT!
AND THE BEARS ARE DOING THEIR CIRCUS ACT NOW!
RICKY SAID HE PUT THE MYSTERY PACKAGE IN THAT BALL! BUT HOW CAN I GET IT?
DON'T FORGET THE POWER I HAVE OVER ANIMALS, BRIAN!
THEY'VE FINISHED THEIR ACT! THEY'RE GOING OFF WITH THE BALL!
PUT ME BACK IN THE BOX, BRIAN! I'VE SENT OUT ELECTRO-DYNAMIC BEAMS TO CONTROL THE BEARS!
BRIAN DOES AS THE LOYAL BRAIN INSTRUCTS...
GEE, BRUNO, YOU'VE MADE IT!
I'LL TAKE THAT BALL!
BUSTER, THE GUNMAN!
GIVE!
GRRR!
THE BEAR'S STILL UNDER THE BRAIN'S INFLUENCE!
ALL THE BEARS ARE JOINING IN! AND HERE COMES THEIR TRAINER!
GET THESE BRUTES AWAY FROM ME!
THE KILLER WON'T BE IN ANY SHAPE TO COME AFTER ME AGAIN TONIGHT! NOW TO GET THE PACKAGE OUT OF THIS BALL!
IN THE LIGHT OF A BARBECUE FIRE...
I'VE UNDONE THE LACING! THERE'S WADDING IN THE BALL... AND HERE'S THE PACKAGE RICKY HID IN IT! NOW WHAT, BRAIN?
UNDO IT, BRIAN! THERE'S A FOLDED DOCUMENT INSIDE!
IT LOOKS LIKE A DO-IT-YOURSELF PATTERN OF A TV SET! WHAT THE HECK IS IT, BRAIN?
THAT IS A VITAL WESTERN DEFENCE SECRET PLAN AGAINST NUCLEAR MISSILES, BRIAN!
SUDDENLY...
GREY SHADOW!
AT LAST, BRIAN KINGSLEY! I WANT THAT PLAN! DON'T MOVE — AND DON'T CALL FOR HELP!
WILL GREY SHADOW GET THE PLANS? FIND OUT NEXT WEEK!

The NERVS
WHEN IT COMES TO THE 'BIROS AND THE BEES', IT'S THE 'BIROS' THAT CAUSE FATTY'S EYEBALLS TO BOGGLE!
COR! GEORGINA GOODBODY! MY SECRET HEART-THROB! HI, GEORGIE!
PANT-PANT
THROB-THROB
AND IN THE EYE DEPT...
CRASH
ERK! THEY'VE POPPED CLEAN THROUGH HIS GOGGLES! CONTACT THE BRAIN BOYS, QUICK! THIS COULD PLAY HAVOC IN THE HEART DEPARTMENT.
AND SO, THE 'CONTROLLER-OF-GREY-MATTER' RECIEVES A FRANTIC MESSAGE-FROM-ABOVE—
SIR! SIR! THE 'PEEPERS' ARE BOGGLING AT A GIRL! IT COULD CAUSE THE HEART TO OVER-POUND AND BREAK-THROUGH 'THROB-FATIGUE'!
CENTRAL CONTROL
HUMPH! SHOULD IT COME TO THAT, WE'LL EXECUTE 'OPERATION DROPSY'!
BUT IN THE HEART DEPT., IT IS ALREADY COMING TO THAT!
LUD-LUB-
THROB POUND
THUMP
EE-YULK! GLURK!
-LUD-LUB
-LUD-LUB
IT'S OVER-HEATING! PRESSURE'S RISING!
I QUIT!
DANGER
BLOOD
IT'LL BREAK FOR SURE!
MEANWHILE, GEORGINA IS RESPONDING TO FATTY'S ADVANCES...
HUH! GET LOST! YOU HORRID, BLUBBERY BEAST.
SIGH
BLUB-BLAM-BLUB-BLAM-THUD-THUD-THUD-THUD
COR! AT LEAST SHE SPOKE MY NAME! IF ONLY I COULD CONJURE UP WORDS TO DATE HER.
H'M!
NO WONDER THEY CALL YOU FATTY!
WHILE BACK IN THE HEART DEPT...
LEMME-OUT-OF-HERE! I-GOTTA-BE-FREE!!
9 WOLA WHIS
BAM
LUD-LUB LUD-LUB
THUD THUD
CRACK
DO SOMETHING QUICK!
YOU BET! IT'S GOING CRAZY! I'LL HAVE TO CARRY OUT 'OPERATION DROPSY' OR IT'LL BREAK!
THERE IT GOES! HEE! HEE! IT'S A SHEER DROP— RIGHT DOWN INTO FATTY'S BOOTS!
EEK!
SIZZLE
ICY BLAST
HO! HO! WELL DONE! FATTY'S COLD FEET WILL COOL IT DOWN!
HEH! HEH! IT WORKED! THAT WAS A SMART MOVE!
HISS-S
SPLUTTER
FIZZLE
PHUT
AGH-ARGLE!
IT SURE WAS, WHEEZY!
YOU ALL KNOW THE SYMPTOMS OF HAVING ONE'S HEART-IN-ONE'S-BOOTS! DEEP DEPRESSION!
WAHH! BAWW! BLUBBER-
IT'S NOT FAIR! I'VE GOT THE LOOKS! IF ONLY I COULD COME UP WITH THE RIGHT WORDS!
IN THE BRAIN DEPARTMENT, SOMETHING IS BEING DONE TO MAKE FATTY'S WISH COME TRUE...
GENTLEMEN! THE HEART CANNOT REMAIN IN FATTY'S FEET FOR EVER! BUT, IF WE BRING IT UP, AS THINGS ARE, IT WILL BREAK! SO WE MUST GET FATTY ON SPEAKING TERMS WITH THIS GIRL!
MUMBLE
WHIRR-
DEPUTY SPEAKER
AND SO...
MESSENGER-NERV! NIP DOWN TO THE WORD DEPARTMENT! TELL THEM TO ASSEMBLE A BUNCH OF WORDS TO FORM THE SENTENCE ON THIS SHEET. THEN MARCH 'EM TO THE VOICE DEPARTMENT!
YES, GUV...

AND SCUTTLING DOWN THE 'WORD' DEPARTMENT . . .
RIGHT! THOSE ARE THE WORD NERVS YOU NEED! MARCH 'EM OFF!
NICE "WORD-NERVS" POOL
HEAVEN!
ROSES!
LUV
CHOC XY
CUSTARD!
HELLO
YOU
GEORGEOUS
GIRLIE
HOW ABOUT A DATE
"WORD-NERVS" SELECTOR
HEH! HEH! NOW FOR SOME FIENDISH FUN!
NAUGHTY, NASTY & RUDE "WORD NERVS" POOL
"LONG-JOHNS"
CENSORED THE LOT!
RASP!
YAH!
BOO!
WET NAPPIES
'AROLD WILSON'!
CREEP
QUEER LOOKIN' TYPES AIN'T THEY?
RIGHT, YOU LOT— TO THE VOICE DEPARTMENT! QUICK MARCH!
HEH! HEH! SH-H-H!
AT THE VOICE DEPT...
INTO THE VOICE BOX. DON'T BE NERV-OUS!
VOICE-O-PHONE
VOCAL-CHORDS
VOICE-BOX
MOUTH EXIT
VOICE CONSOLE
WHISPER. TALK. SHOUT
YELL. HOLLER. ROAR
ANGER AMOUR
HARSH SOFT
ABOUT
ONCE INSIDE, STAND BEFORE THE TRANSMITTER SCREEN TO BE PROJECTED—AS SPEECH, OKAY?
QUICK!
-GIBBER-GIBBER!-
GULP
FATTY'S GIRL'S COMIN' BACK!!
FATTY'S EYE-BALL SCANNER SCREEN
BUT, INSIDE THE VOICE BOX, A DIRTY DEED IS BEING DONE!
HA-HAR! NOW TO RUB OUT THE I DON'T WANT WORD NERVS AND ACT AS THEIR STAND-IN!
"WORD-ERASER" RAY
BUZZZ
PUTRID
POUF
TRANSMI
WE ARE ON FIRST!
HELLO
GULP! WISH I HAD A STAND-IN!
GEORGEOUS
AND SO 'HELLO' NERV HAVING PLAYED HIS PART, AND THE REMAINDER (BARRING DATE) HAVING BEEN ERASED—WE COME TO THE FINAL DOUBLE-ACT.
COME ON, SAY YOUR WORD— I'VE SAID MINE! HEH! HEH!
DATE
PUTRID
DATE
AND SO, THE SENTENCE COMES OUT OF FATTY'S MOUTH LIKE THIS!
HELLO, PUTRID DATE!
-SIGH!-
WHAT!-
-OO HECK!
FUME
A PUTRID DATE, AM I? YOU-YOU BLOATED MONSTROSITY—
-TAKE THAT! UGH! PIG! EVIL, FAT TOAD!
SPLAT
WHIZZ
GUG!
THE GOOEY MASK, FOLKS, IS A CUSTARD-BASED TRIFLE, TOPPED WITH VANILLA-FLAVOURED ICE-CREAM!
HUH! SCORNED!
OH! (SNIFF!)
HM! THE VERY IDEA!
UGH!
UGLY FAT TOAD!
WITCHES OF INDIGESTION
SNIFF!
SELF-RIGHTEOUS JERKS
AND HERE'S ANOTHER SELF RIGHTEOUS JERK
WAIT A MINUTE! SLURP! COR! THIS TRIFLE'S TERRIFIC!!—SLURP!—AND SHE ALWAYS CALLS FOR ONE TWICE A WEEK, FOR HER MUM!
SLOLLUP
LICK
SLUP
SLEWP!-
MA!-
Hey! MA!
BRING ME A SPOON! AND REMIND ME TO INSULT GEORGINA GOODBODY EVERY MONDAY AND FRIDAY! I'M NOT SERIOUS ABOUT HER ANY MORE! JUST TRIFLING WITH HER AFFECTIONS! HA-HAR-R-R!
-DROOL


BAD PENNY
SIGH! — I'M TOO PRETTY! NO WONDER THE BOYS ARE ALWAYS CHASIN' ME!
* PRETTY UGLY! COS.
NOW CHECK MIRROR!
THEY WON'T CHASE ME NOW I'VE GOT THIS HORRIBLE MASK ON!
IT'S AN IMPROVEMENT!
THE BOYS ARE USUALLY CHASING HER, 'COS SHE'S PEASHOOTED THEM !!!
'MORNIN', ALL!
SHRIEK!
SIZZLE!
ELM ST.
GRRR! — GET HER, DAD!
OH, GOSH! NOW THE OLD BOYS ARE CHASING AFTER ME! TITTER!
COO! I'LL NEVER GET ANOTHER CHANCE LIKE THIS!
TCH! TCH! — SNOW ON MY BOOT!
RUB!
— WHAT A TARGET!
YEEKKK!!
CALL THE POLICE! THERE'S A MAD BULL LOOSE!!
HEH! HEH! HEH!
ROTTER!
HELP!
SHUTTUP! I ONLY WANT TO GIVE YOU A KISS!—
THERE! — HOW'S THAT FOR A SMACKER!?
SMACK!
AND SO IT GOES ON...
HAIR-CUTS ON HIRE PURCHASE
SHORT BACK AND SIDES, PLEASE!
EEK!
HAIR OIL
ARGH!
...AND ON!
MMM! DELICIOUS BRICKS! THEY DON'T MAKE 'EM LIKE THIS ON MARS!
BEGORRAH! A BRICK-EATIN' MONSTER!
OOER! — IT'S TIME I WAS GOIN'... GULP!
BANZAI!!
MUD PACK
ICICLE BAYONET!
TRUNCHEON.
GRAB HER!
TEAR HER APART!
NOW EVERY-ONE IS CHASIN' ME! I THINK I'LL GO BACK TO BEIN' BEAUTIFUL NEXT WEEK!...
IT'S SAFER!